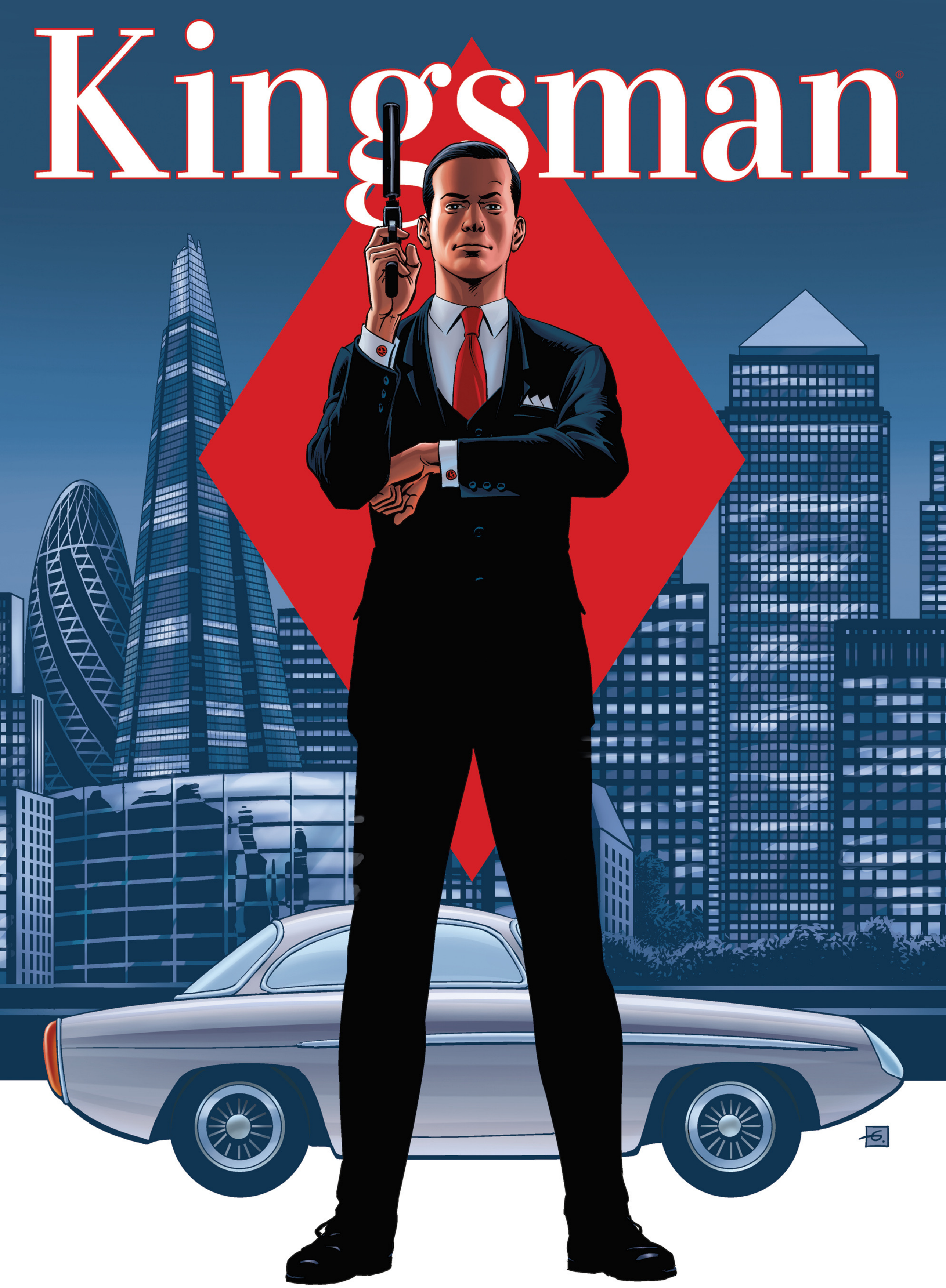
Kingsman®



THE RED DIAMOND

ROB WILLIAMS

SIMON FRASER

Kingsman®

THE RED DIAMOND

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chapter ONE



KENSINGTON, LONDON.

I LIKE THOSE CUFFLINKS.

YEAH? THEY BELONGED TO MY UNCLE.

QUICK STOP AT THE CASHPOINT, EMMA. THEN DINNER AT THE FIREHOUSE AND PERHAPS A NIGHTCAP AT MINE?

WE COULD CUT DINNER, YOU KNOW.

I HAVE TO BE IN BERLIN TOMORROW FOR A PRESS LUNCH WITH RYAN AND DAMIEN. EARLY START, SO...

THE NIGHTCAP WON'T COST YOU A THING, EGGSY.

NOW NOW, EMMA.

WHERE WOULD A GENTLEMAN BE WITHOUT A FEW CRISP NOTES IN HIS WALLET?

SHAN'T BE A TIC.

SPARE ANY CHANGE, PLEASE?

SORRY MATE. HOT DATE. HOTTER LADY. KNOW WHAT I MEAN...?

2563KX

ATM

tap
tap
tap
tap

I'M AFRAID EUPHEMISMS REGARDING HEAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

SIR GILES!

YOU TURNED OFF YOUR CAR SCREEN, EGGSY. SOMETHING HAS ARISEN.

SOMETHING ARISING WAS THE EXACT REASON I TURNED OFF THE CAR SCREEN...

IGNORING THAT. A GREEK TERRORIST GROUP HAS TAKEN PRINCE PHILIP HOSTAGE AND IS THREATENING TO BEHEAD HIM ON LIVE TV, UNLESS THE *IMF* IMMEDIATELY WIPE OUT ALL GREEK NATIONAL DEBT.

EH? BUT PRINCE PHILIP IS GREEK HIMSELF!

EXACTLY. THEY'RE A BIT... CONFUSED, BLESS THEM. CONFUSED AND HEAVILY ARMED. ALWAYS A GOOD MIX.

WE HAVE A LOCATION. DOCKLANDS. A WAREHOUSE NEAR THE EXCEL. IT'S BEEN SENT TO THE CAR COMPUTER.

THE MET WILL TURN THE PLACE INTO A BLOODBATH AND WE'D RATHER LIKE TO KEEP OUR ROYAL FAMILY ALIVE, IF AT ALL POSSIBLE.

THEY CAN'T HAVE OUR ROYALS. I WAS IN THE NAVY, ME. I SERVED. IF YOU NEED ME, SIR, I CAN HELP!

YOU SURE YOU WANT TO HELP? SERVE QUEEN AND COUNTRY AND ALL THAT?

I DO SIR, YES!

THEN I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, OLD SON. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE BRAVE THOUGH.

"TAKE EMMA TO DINNER FOR ME, EH, AND BE NICE. SHE'S ONLY OVER FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR ONE NIGHT. TABLE'S BOOKED IN THE NAME OF 'UNCLE JACK'."

BRATT

SINGER

"YOU'LL NEED A TIE THOUGH."

OK, SCREEN AND COMMUNICATION ARE BACK ON. I'LL NEED FIRST CLASS TRAVEL TO THE DOCKLANDS PLEASE.

OF COURSE.

AND WOULD SIR CARE TO SEE THE WINE LIST?

DON'T TAKE THE PISS, CONTROL. I MIGHT LEAK TO THE GUARDIAN THAT THESE SECRET UNDERGROUND TUNNELS HAVE BEEN CONVERTED TO A HIGH-SPEED ROADWAY FOR *VIPS.*

THAT'S SOCIALISM TALKING.

TOO FUCKING RIGHT IT IS.

2563 KX

I REALLY WOULDN'T DO THAT, IF I WERE YOU.

"WE'D HAVE TO HAVE YOU KILLED."

THOO ETHORMUTH BUNTS OTH THUNTS!!!

PHEASANTS! THUCKING PHEASANTS!

PHEASANTS?

SHUT UP, OLD MAN! YOU BRITISH WANT TO LEAVE US WITH YOUR BREXIT WHILE WE STARVE! OUR ECONOMY COLLAPSES WHILE YOU LIVE IN YOUR PALACES!

OUR DEBT CRIPPLES US! OUR DEBT TO ***YOU!*** WELL, NO MORE! THEY WRITE OFF OUR DEBT OR YOU WILL DIE! WE DO THIS FOR GREECE!

IMTH GEEK, MOWONS!

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

GEEK! ***I'M GEEK!***

...A GEEK?

GEEK!!!

I GUESS...

...WE COULD GET HIM SOME *STAR TREK* DVDS?

KRASSSSHHHH!

DEPLOYING EXPLOSIVES.

THOOOM!!!

THUKING WELTH!

THOOOM!!!

THOOOM!!!

CONTROL, I HAVE PRINCE PHILIP IN MY SIGHTS.

SKEEEEEEEEE

HE SEEMS TO BE UNHARMED.

EEEEEEEEE!!!!

2563 KX

MFFFFFFFFFFFF!!!!

THEY'RE RUNNING FOR IT. SHITTY WHITE TRANSIT. Y REG.

YLX 243X

KRASSSSSSSSHHHHHHH!!!!

KRUNCHHH!!!

FUCK'S SAKE. THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE DOCKLANDS CABLE CAR. DID NO ONE THINK TO SHUT IT DOWN?

NO ONE USES THE DOCKLANDS CABLE CAR.

WELL, THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET A ROYAL BLOODY VISIT!

I WANT A CAR AND A HELICOPTER AND THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND TO WRITE OFF OUR ENTIRE NATIONAL DEBT, WHICH CURRENTLY STANDS AT 315 BILLION, WHICH IS 113% OF GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT!

MTHHHH!!!

GOT TO LOVE A SPECIFIC RANSOM DEMAND.

AHHHHHHHH!!!!

AH! SHIT. SHIIIIIIIIIT...

I THINK SOMEONE'S ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CABLE CAR.

TELL ME, PRIVILEGED ENGLISHMAN, BOURGEOIS CAPITALIST IN YOUR OFFENSIVELY EXPENSIVE SAVILE ROW SUIT.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO STOP ME SHOOTING YOU WHILE YOU HANG ON?

ACK!

THESE POISON DART CUFFLINKS, OLD SON.

THEY BELONGED TO MY UNCLE.

THIE VANKER!!!

AH!!

OH THIT.

OH SHIT.

AHH!!

MFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

ALRIGHT YOUR MAJESTY, KEEP YOUR HAIR ON.

TRY AND ENJOY THE VIEW, EH?

LONDON'S LOOKING BEAUTIFUL THIS EVENING.

THERE YOU GO.

BE CAREFUL WITH HIM, EH? PRECIOUS CARGO AND ALL THAT.

POLICE

POLICE

<HUFF>

<AH...>

SOUTH OF THE THAMES, MATE.

I GREW UP NOT FAR FROM HERE.

...

THEN YOU GREW UP IN A SHITHOLE.

GET ME BACK TO THE PALACE AND AWAY FROM THE NEANDERTHALS. ***NOW.***

SNOOTY PRICK.

KRAK!

"THE ORIGINAL KINGSMEN, EGGSY, WERE ***GENTLEMEN.*** OUR ORGANIZATION HAS CERTAIN MANDATES. STANDARDS OF DRESS, OF BEHAVIOR. WE ASPIRE TO BE MORE THAN THE COMMON MAN."

SO 'LAMPING OUT' THE 95-YEAR-OLD DUKE OF EDINBURGH DOES *NOT* FIT WITHIN OUR CANON OF CONDUCT.

SORRY, SIR GILES.

HE WAS BEING A RIGHT MOUTHY WANKER THOUGH.

<sigh>

THIS SHOULD REALLY BE THE END OF YOUR CAREER, YOU KNOW. IN TERMS OF SACKABLE OFFENCES IT'S RATHER GOLD STANDARD.

CERTAIN POWERS-THAT-BE WANT YOU THROWN IN THE TOWER. LITERALLY.

I DID SAVE HIS LIFE.

IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING.

YOU DID. YOUR UNCLE JACK SAW SUCH PROMISE IN YOU, AND YOU HAVE PROVEN HIM CORRECT. YOU'VE EXCELLED IN THE FIELD. THE ATTEMPTED TRUMP BLACKMAIL. NORTH KOREA. UKRAINE. THE 'ADELE GORILLA INCIDENT'.

BUT YOU ARE A ROUGH DIAMOND AND PERHAPS YOU ALWAYS WILL BE.

AN ORPHAN OF TWO WORLDS... AT HOME IN NEITHER.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE. EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

YOU'RE SUSPENDING ME..

NO. A LEAVE OF ABSENCE, AS I SAID.

SINCE JACK DIED YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT CHASE MISSIONS AND LIVE THE LIFE OF THE RAKE AROUND TOWN, PUTTING THINGS POLITELY.

SUCH BEHAVIOR IS PART OF THE ROLE.

AND WE ALL DEAL WITH GRIEF IN OUR OWN WAYS.

LOOK, EGGSY, I NEED TO GIVE THE BIG WIGS SOME MEAT TO GNAW ON. SO YOU HAVE TO SUFFER A LITTLE, I'M AFRAID.

IT'S NOT FOR LONG. YOU HAVE ALL THE RESOURCES THE KINGSMAN ORGANIZATION HAS TO OFFER. A LIMITLESS CREDIT CARD. TAKE A WEEK OR TWO. GO TO RIO. LOS ANGELES. DUBAI. DEBAUCH. ENJOY. THE WORLD IS YOUR OYSTER.

YOU CAN GO *ANYWHERE.*

PECKHAM, SOUTH LONDON.

MUM, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU *DOING?*

DON'T YOU USE THAT LANGUAGE WITH ME, YOU SHIT-MOUTHED LITTLE WANKER!

I DON'T GET THIS. WE SET YOU UP IN THAT FLASH FLAT UPTOWN, UNCLE JACK AND ME. WE GOT YOU GOOD FURNITURE, THAT KITCHEN. EVEN A SWISH BLOODY BLENDER LIKE ON *THE GREAT BRITISH BAKE OFF*.

I KNOW!

SO WHY GIVE IT UP, EH? WHY COME BACK HERE TO THE ESTATE? I DON'T GET IT.

BECAUSE OF HOW THEY LOOKED AT ME, ALRIGHT?

WHO?

ALL OF THEM!

THE NEIGHBORS. THE PEOPLE IN THAT LOCAL PONCEY SUPERMARKET, WAITROSE. THE ONES BEHIND THE TILL. THE COLLEGE STUDENT IN THE OFF-LICENSE.

ALL OF THEM!

I COULD SEE IT IN THEIR EYES. THE WAY THEY TALK TO ME AND RYAN. THEY WAY THEY ***LOOK*** AT ME AND RYAN.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE BACK HERE. I CAN AFFORD...

MONEY DOESN'T CHANGE WHO YOU ARE, EGGSY.

I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO, LOVE. ***WE DO***. BUT WE'RE NOT LIKE YOU. THIS IS OUR HOME. I FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE HERE...

Gurgle...

"NOW COME DOWN THE PUB WITH US AND SAY HELLO TO EVERYONE, EH?"

WE... UH...

WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

GRIPPPP

ANY OF US.

YEAH, NEITHER DO I.

JACK DANIELS AND COKE FOR MY MUM. APPLE JUICE AND TWO PACKETS OF CRISPS. AND A PINT OF LAGER.

IN A STRAIGHT GLASS.

YOU TRYING TO BE MICHAEL CAINE OR SOMETHING?

UH... SAM?

YOU'VE CHANGED SINCE SCHOOL, EGGSY. A LOT.

UH... YEAH. A BIT.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THESE DAYS? DID YOU EVER GET TO BE A VET IN THE END?

SEE A LOT OF SQUIRRELS OR PYTHONS BACK HERE?

DARREN AND PRICKNOSE TOLD ME YOU WENT INTO THE ARMY? THAT RIGHT? I'VE NOT SEEN YOU FOR AGES.

UM. SORT OF. I'VE... I'VE GOT TO TAKE THESE DRINKS TO MY MUM.

COME BACK FOR A CHAT, EH? IT'D BE GOOD TO CATCH UP.

YEAH, WILL DO.

ISN'T THAT THE GIRL YOU HAD A HUGE CRUSH ON IN SCHOOL, BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS GOING OUT WITH DARREN KANE? HE PUT DOG SHIT IN YOUR HAIR THAT TIME, REMEMBER?

SHADDUP, MUM.

DARREN KANE WENT DOWN FOR BURGLARY AND GBH LAST YEAR. THEY BROKE UP. YOU SHOULD ASK HER OUT.

MUM, MY TUMMY FEELS FUNNY...

LISTEN, WHAT TIME DO YOU FINISH HERE? WE COULD GO UPTOWN. I KNOW A LITTLE JAZZ CLUB IN KENSINGTON THAT SERVES THE BEST COCKTAILS.

YOU TRYING TO BE SMOOTH WITH ME, EGGSY?

YEAH. PERHAPS...

YOU KNOW BILLY VIN? HIM AND HIS MATES ARE HAVING A HOUSE PARTY LATER. I SAID I'D STOP BY. HE'S DJING. YOU CAN COME WITH ME IF YOU LIKE?

BILLY BIRTHDAY?

HE DJS AT KIDS' PARTIES. IT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM BILLY 'BIRTHDAY'. IT'LL ALL BE 'THE WHEELS ON THE BUS' SHIT, SAM. EXCEPT WITH HIM ON SPEED.

OH, AND YOUR 'LITTLE CLUB' WILL BE BETTER THAN THAT, WILL IT?

YEAH. YEAH IT WILL. BY SOME FUCKING DISTANCE.

YOU MIGHT NOT GET A BALLOON AND A SLICE OF CAKE AT THE END OF THE NIGHT, BUT APART FROM THAT...

FUCKING HELL, DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DID IT?

FOR WHAT?

FOR YOU TO THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN US.

YOU CAN WEAR A POSH SUIT, BUT EVERYONE ROUND HERE KNOWS WHO YOU REALLY ARE, EGGSY...

AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

EGGSY, LOVE. THIS IS JOHNNY.

JOHNNY BY NAME. JOHNNY BY NATURE.

HA! HE'S A SCREAM. HE WANTS TO TAKE ME TO SEE *LA LA LAND* IN 3D DOWN THE ODEON. CAN YOU BABYSIT RYAN, LOVE? I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE CINEMA IN YEARS.

"YEAH, ALRIGHT. I HAD NOTHING ELSE PLANNED..."

I WON'T BE THAT LATE.

RYAN'S STOMACH ACHE'S GONE, HE SAYS, SO HE SHOULD BE NO BOTHER. SEE YOU LATER. BYE.

JUST ME AND YOU THEN, RYAN. LADS' NIGHT IN.

EXCITING, THIS SECRET AGENT LARK, INNIT?

BLEURCH

FUCK'S SAKE.

ENTER.

Fsssssshhhhhhhhhhh.

YOU HURD HIM.

ENTA.

THE TREEMAN TWINS.

PLEASE. COME IN. COME IN. THIS IS MY PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM, YOU KNOW.

TELL ME, GENTLEMEN. IS EVERYTHING PROCEEDING AS PLANNED? DOES THE COMPUTER VIRUS ACTIVATE TONIGHT?

AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT I HAVE BEEN PAYING YOU SO HANDSOMELY FOR, CORRECT? THE BEST COMPUTER HACKERS ON THE PLANET.

YES... YES. IT... IT ACTIVATES TONIGHT...

ALL ACCORDING TO...

...PLAN.

GOOD.

VERY GOOD.

...

YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.

IT'S BLACK. IT'S ALL...

FUCK!

HAHAHAHAHAH.

STRANGE AND WONDERFUL. STRANGE AND WONDERFUL. THERE IS NO NEED TO PANIC, MR TREEMAN. WE ARE QUITE SAFE INSIDE THIS HOUSE I HAVE BUILT.

I VALUE TANGIBLE ***STRENGTH*** ABOVE ALL. THE REALITY OF TOUCH.

THE REALITY OF INGOT'S RATHER... UNCULTURED TOUCH.

THUNK

WHAT...? HEY.

LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE!

DON'T... PLEASE... OH GOD...

IT WAS JAMES CAMERON, YOU KNOW.

WHAT?

I WAS HAPPY BACK HOME IN SOUTH AFRICA. BUT HE INSPIRED ME TO COME TO THIS PLACE. HIS FILMS. *THE ABYSS. TITANIC. TERMINATORS 1, 2, TERMINATOR: SALVATION.*

NOT *ALIENS* SO MUCH. THAT WAS IN SPACE.

...DIFFERENT.

... *TURMNATOR SALVASHUN.*

CAMERON DIDN'T DO THAT ONE.

WAS BRETT RATNER.

YOU SURE? I THOUGHT...

WAS BRETT RATNER.

CAMERON DID FIRST TWO. JONATHAN MOSTOW DID *TERMINATOR 3* WITH WOMAN *TERMINATOR*. THEN RATNER DID *SALVA-SHUN*.

CHRISTIAN BALE IN IT.

...

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

PUT HIM IN THE AIRLOCK.

ONE OF YOU SENT AN ENCRYPTED MESSAGE TO SOMEONE IN NEW YORK THAT NONE OF MY COMPUTER EXPERTS CAN OPEN.

NO!

NO! PLEASE!

YOU'VE ATTEMPTED TO WARN THEM OF THE STORM TO COME.

AND NO ONE BETRAYS *THE RED DIAMOND.*

MINING HAS TAUGHT ME MANY THINGS, MR TREEMAN. IT HAS TAUGHT ME THAT PRESSURE DOES THINGS TO PEOPLE.

AND NOW, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT TOO.

TERMINATOR SALVATION.

THAT WAS McG.

NOT BRETT RATNER.

THUNK

HE'S RIGHT.

IT *WAS* McG.

HIM FROM *CHARLIE'S ANGELS.*

I AM SORRY, BUT NOTHING WORTHWHILE EVER CAME ABOUT WITHOUT SACRIFICE, MR TREEMAN.

...SNIFF...

WE ARE ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING HEROIC AND NOBLE HERE, REMEMBER.

WE ARE GOING TO CREATE A WORLD OF ***SUBSTANCE*** ONCE MORE, AND YOUR VIRUS IS KEY IN THAT.

ROUSSEAU SAID, 'WHEN THE PEOPLE HAVE NOTHING MORE TO EAT THEY WILL EAT THE RICH.'

THE PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD ARE ***STARVING***, MR TREEMAN.

TONIGHT.

WE WILL LET THEM FEAST.



chapter
TWO

PLEASE DON'T THROW UP IN THE SPORTS CAR, RYAN, MATE.

AGAIN.

Coca-Cola

PDQ

SANNYA

YOUR UNCLE WOULD HAVE A STROKE IF HE SAW WHAT YOU'D DONE TO HIS PRIDE AND JOY.

...FEEL ICKY, EGGSY...

SAVILE ROW.

SAVILLE ROW

2563 KX

SO MUCH FOR STYLE...

OUT YOU COME, RYAN.
NEED THE TOILET.
OH GOD.
RACHET
KINGSMAN TAILORING
13
COBB + SINNE
OH. HELLO.
LADIES.
HELLO.
2563 KX
I CAN FEEL THE POO, EGGSY.
...WHAT'S WRONG?
2563 KX
IT'S NOT MINE!
SNOOTY TARTS...
63 KX

EMERGENCY, BRUV! NEED TO USE THE TOILET! QUEEN AND COUNTRY!

EXCUSE ME, SIR!

OXFORDS NOT BROGUES AND ALL THAT.

STILL FEEL SICK?

...A BIT.

YEAH. THAT'S HOW I FELT WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE.

IT'LL PASS.

UNWIN.

MY NAME IS *LE FAY*. I'M IN CHARGE OF WEAPONS.

TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE OR I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT BY AT LEAST ONE OF THEM.

LeFay 10566

ALRIGHT, CALM DOWN! I KNOW I'M SUSPENDED BUT MY BROTHER'S GOT THE NOROVIRUS OR SOME SHIT AND I FIGURED YOU'D HAVE SOME SUPER SECRET MEDICAL ANTI-THROW UP DRUG OR SOMETHING.

GUNS....

AND I DIDN'T WANT HIM SPENDING FIVE HOURS IN THE WAITING ROOM OF A&E 'COS OF NHS CUTS, ALRIGHT?

YOU BROUGHT A CIVILIAN HERE?

HE'S NOT A CIVILIAN. HE'S MY LITTLE BROTHER. MY UNCLE'S NEPHEW. AND HE'S BEEN CHUCKING UP EVERYTHING BAR THE KITCHEN SINK. TRUST ME.

LOOK, I KNOW I'M IN THE DOGHOUSE BUT... HAVE A HEART, WILLYA?

MY MUM'S PISSED OFF WITH SOME JOKER CALLED JOHNNY TO A STATIC CARAVAN IN MARGATE AND LEFT ME BABYSITTING. AND I'VE SAVED THE WORLD A GOOD FEW TIMES LATELY, AND... WELL...

I NEED HELP.

...YOU'RE LUCKY THAT ALL KINGSMAN AGENTS ARE CURRENTLY IN THE FIELD.

WE HAVE A PILL THAT STOPS VOMITING.

I'LL CHECK THAT IT'S CHILD-FRIENDLY.

THANKS, LE FAY.

DIGGING THE EYEPATCH, BY THE WAY. VERY 'SECRET AGENT', SPY *CHIC*.

YOU GOT SOME X-RAY STUFF HIDDEN IN THAT? A LASER OR SOMETHING?

I HAVE QUITE A SERIOUS EYE INFECTION, MR UNWIN.

THANK YOU FOR DRAWING ATTENTION TO IT.

...

SHIT.

'ERE...

SOMETHING'S UP IN NEW YORK. GOT AN ALERT COMING IN.

PULLING UP DETAILS...

HOLY SHIT... YOU KNOW ALIAS, THE LEGENDARY COMPUTER HACKER THE C.I.A. AND THE RUSSIANS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN FOR YEARS?

"SOMEONE'S FOUND HIM."

INGOT.

REPORT PLEASE.

ARRIVED AT NEW YORK.

WATCHED *NOCTURNAL ANIMALS* ON FLIGHT.

NOT AS GOOD AS *A SINGLE MAN.*

I DON'T KNOW. I LIKED THE 'STORY WITHIN A STORY' STRUCTURE AND MICHAEL SHANNON IS ALWAYS A COMPELLING SCREEN PRESENCE.

BUT WE CAN DISCUSS THAT IN MORE DETAIL WHEN YOU RETURN HOME.

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED WHO THE TREEMAN TWINS' CODED MESSAGE WAS SENT TO IN NEW YORK?

CUT OFF HIS FOOT. TREEMAN TALKED. MESSAGE WAS SENT TO HACKER CALLED ALIAS.

ON WAY TO KILL HIM.

WILL WATCH *LA LA LAND* ON FLIGHT HOME...

ALIAS IS IN MANHATTAN. FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

WHAT?!!

HE KNOWS. HE IS TRYING TO STOP OUR PLAN.

KILL HIM!

KILL ALIAS!

IMMEDIATELY!!

INTEL INTERCEPTED FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN SECRET SERVICE DISPATCH.

BELIEVED TO BE A, QUOTE, "MAJOR THREAT TO LONDON, TOKYO, NEW YORK, BRUSSELS, MOSCOW". MESSAGE CODED 'RED DIAMOND' WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

EVERY GLOBAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR ALIAS FOR YEARS AND IT SEEMS WE HAVE HIS LOCATION.

THEY'LL ALL BE COMING FOR HIM AND HE WON'T BE THERE FOR LONG.

EVERY KINGSMAN IS CURRENTLY IN THE FIELD. YOU SAID IT. YOU'VE GOT NO TIME TO RECALL THEM.

YOU'VE GOT TO SEND ME.

NOW.

SHIT.

LE FAY.

I THINK I LOVE YOU.

YOU WON'T THANK ME WHEN YOU HIT MACH 7 AFTER THE RAMJET ENGINE KICKS IN, ONCE YOU'RE CLEAR OF THE COAST...

ROGER THAT.

YOU DON'T MIND BABYSITTING RYAN UNTIL I'M BACK, DO YOU?

...UNBELIEVABLE.

GET ALIAS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HIM. FIND OUT WHAT THIS RED DIAMOND REFERS TO AND WHAT THE THREAT TO LONDON IS.

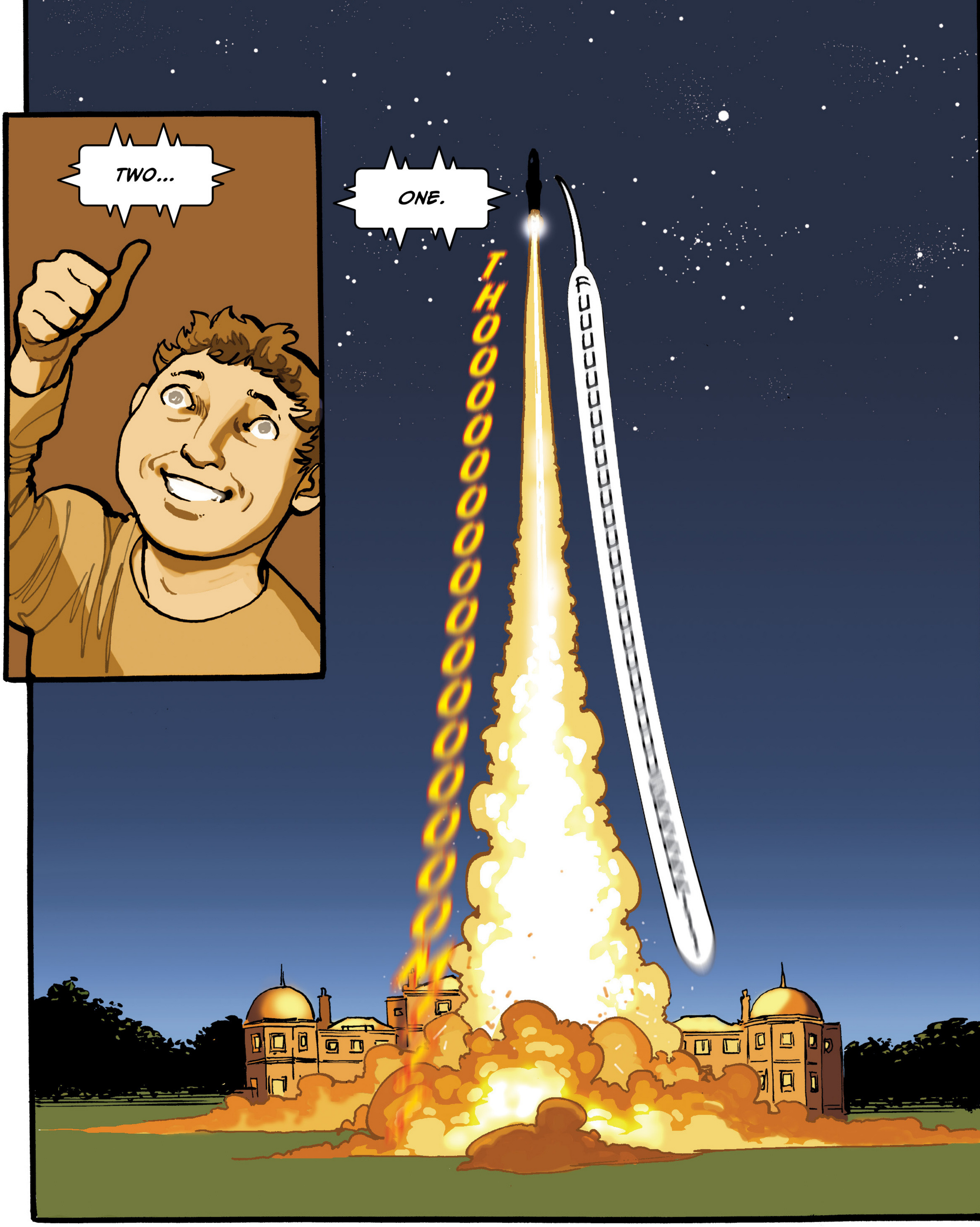
AND GET BACK HERE. QUICKLY.

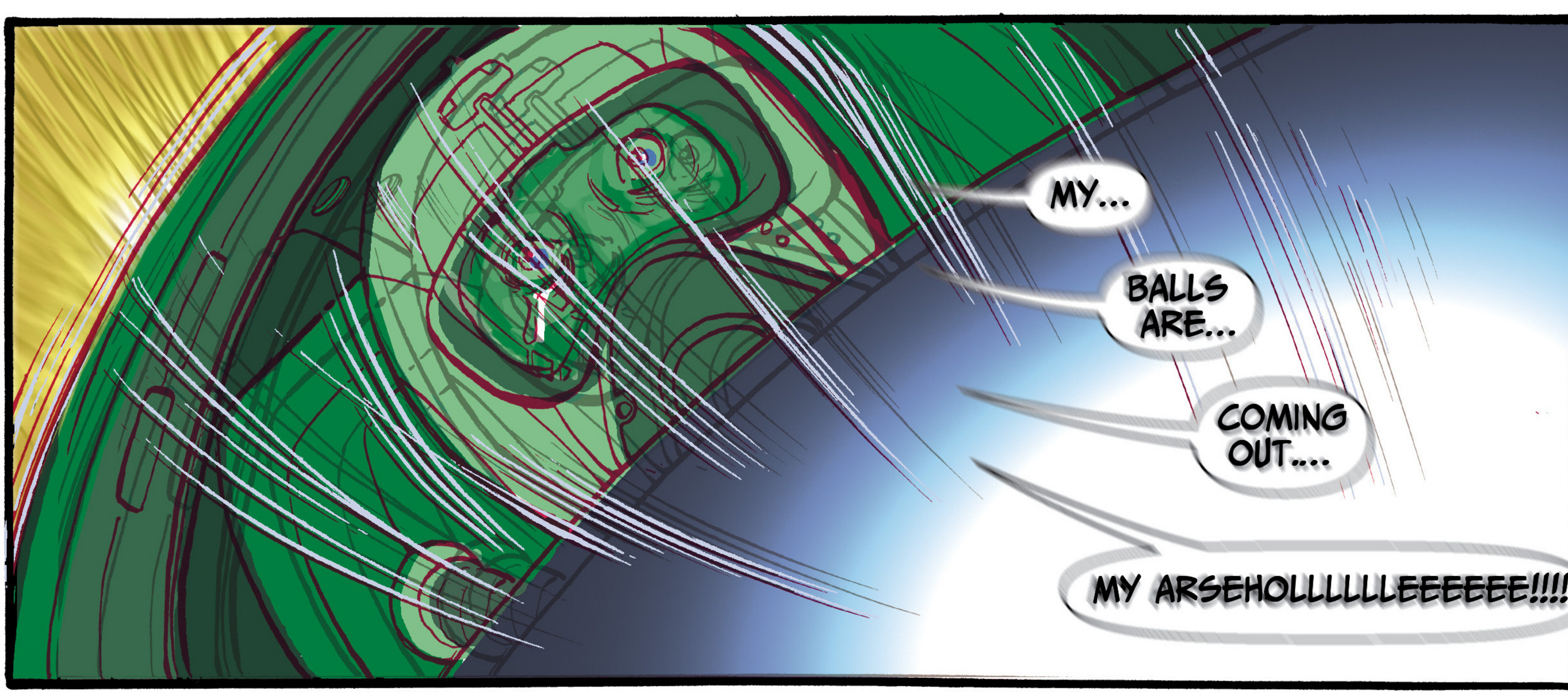
THIS IS NOT A KINDERGARTEN, UNWIN.

HEY, RYAN...

YOUR BIG BROTHER'S AN ASTRONAUT, MATE.

LAUNCHING IN FIVE, FOUR, THREE...


TWO...
ONE.
THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU


MY...
BALLS ARE...
COMING OUT....
MY ARSEHOLLLLLLLEEEEEEE!!!!

THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT LANGUAGE, THANK YOU...

OH, THANK CHRIST FOR THAT. SHE'S SLOWING DOWN.

NO. THAT WAS JUST THE LAUNCH, UNWIN. YOU JUST CLEARED EASTBOURNE BELOW.

INITIATING RAMJET.

KRAKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!

...CKKKKKKUUUUNNNNNNNNNNTTTTTTTT...

I SHALL IGNORE THAT.

YOU SHOULD MAKE THE NORTH AMERICAN COAST IN 45 MINUTES.

FROM THERE, THE JET WILL SLOW. YOU WILL BE EJECTED FOR FREEFALL INSERTION TO THE SOUTH COAST OF MANHATTAN ISLAND AND THE RAMJET WILL RETURN TO US ON AN AUTOMATED VECTOR.

TRANSPORT INTO NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU.

"DO TRY NOT TO DIE."

JEEZ LOUISE. WILLYA TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS!*

SHIIIIIIIIIT. SOMEONE JUST LEFT THIS HERE? IN BATTERY PARK. AT NIGHT.

SOMEONE BE LOOKING TO LOSE A SWEET-ASS CAR, YO.

THE KEYS ARE IN THE IGNITION...

THE KEYS ARE IN THE DAMN IGNITION.

OY! STEPTOE AND SON! FUCK OFF AWAY FROM MY RIDE!

YEAH, YOU BETTER RUN AN' ALL.

THE BRITISH ARE COMING, BOYYYYY!

AHHHHHHHHH!!!

UNWIN. A SOUTH AFRICAN AGENT JUST SENT A SIGNAL REGARDING ALIAS.

THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE ON SITE LOOKING FOR HIM.

ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT. HANG ABOUT.

CLICK

OOOFFF.

THUD.

CONTROL. BE AWARE.

THIS IS CONTROL...

I'VE HURT MY ARSE.

...

JUST GET ALIAS, UNWIN.

ENTERING MANHATTAN'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

"WONDER WHAT DAMAGE A WORLD-CLASS COMPUTER HACKER COULD DO THERE, EH?"

SHITSHITSHIT SHITSHITSHIT...

HE'S BROKEN INTO A SECURE FLOOR WITH A DEADLOCK SECURITY DOOR IN THE GOLDMAN BUILDING.

IT'S WHERE WALL STREET KEEPS ITS COMPUTER SERVERS!

COME ON...

COME ON...

ALIAS.

TREEMAN TWINS SENT YOU MESSAGE?

BAD LUCK FOR YOU.

OHMGOD...

VIRUS IS HERE. RED DIAMOND SENT ME.

TO KILL YOU.

RED DIAMOND, EH?

WHO'S THAT THEN?
YOU CAN TELL ME ONCE YOU'VE WOKEN UP.
THWAKKKKKKK!!
YOU HURT MY...
GUM.
BIG FELLA...
BIIIIIIIG FELLA.
OK, PLAN B...
RUN!
I'M BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. I CAN GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
TRUST...
KRAK!
OW.

NOT OW.

WOW.

WAIT!

MIT

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE IS NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS.

STAY OUT OF THIS, BOY.

LEAVE IT TO THE PROFESSIONALS.

BIT RUDE, BRUV.

LE FAY, YOU GET A REGISTER ON HER VIA MY BUTTON CAMERA?

SOUTH AFRICAN, JUDGING BY THE ACCENT. MOVES LIKE AN AGENT. HAVE A LOOK, WILLYA?

CHECKING IT AGAINST WORLD AGENT FILES NOW, UNWIN.

EGGSY. PLEASE CALL ME EGGSY.

NO, UNWIN. I WILL NOT.

KWAITO Known Alias

GOT HER.

CODE NAME, KWAITO.

AGENT OF *SASS.*

YOU ARE TAKING THE PISS?

SASS. THE SOUTH AFRICAN SECRET SERVICE.

YOU *ARE* TAKING THE PISS.

GUM!

AH!

GET...

GET AWAY FROM ME! DON'T KILL ME!

THEN STOP *RUNNING*, YOU *MUPPET!*

MIT

OOFFF...

WOT? YOU THINK WE'RE JUST GONNA LET YOU HACK THE SERVERS OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR FINANCIAL DISTRICTS?

I'M NOT TRYING TO HACK THEM, YOU *IDIOT!*

I'M TRYING TO TURN THEM *OFF* BEFORE RED DIAMOND'S VIRUS HITS AND TURNS *EVERYTHING* OFF.

I'M TRYING TO *PROTECT* THE COMPUTERS!

YOU WOT?

THUMMMPP

OFFFFFFFFFF!!

...DON'T!

SNAP!

OH SHIT!

GOOD LUCK OPENING BIG COMPUTER VAULT DOOR.

GUM.

AFTER THERE ARE NO COMPUTERS.

GUM.

CLUNK!

GET THE DOOR! STOP HIM!

PUSH, ENGLISH WEAKLING!

OI! GRACE JONES! WHO YOU CALLING A WEAKLING? I'M PUSHING... NNNN... I'M...

...

THE LIGHTS.

ALL THE LIGHTS.

VIRUS...

ALIAS SAID THERE WAS A VIRUS.

...RED DIAMOND...

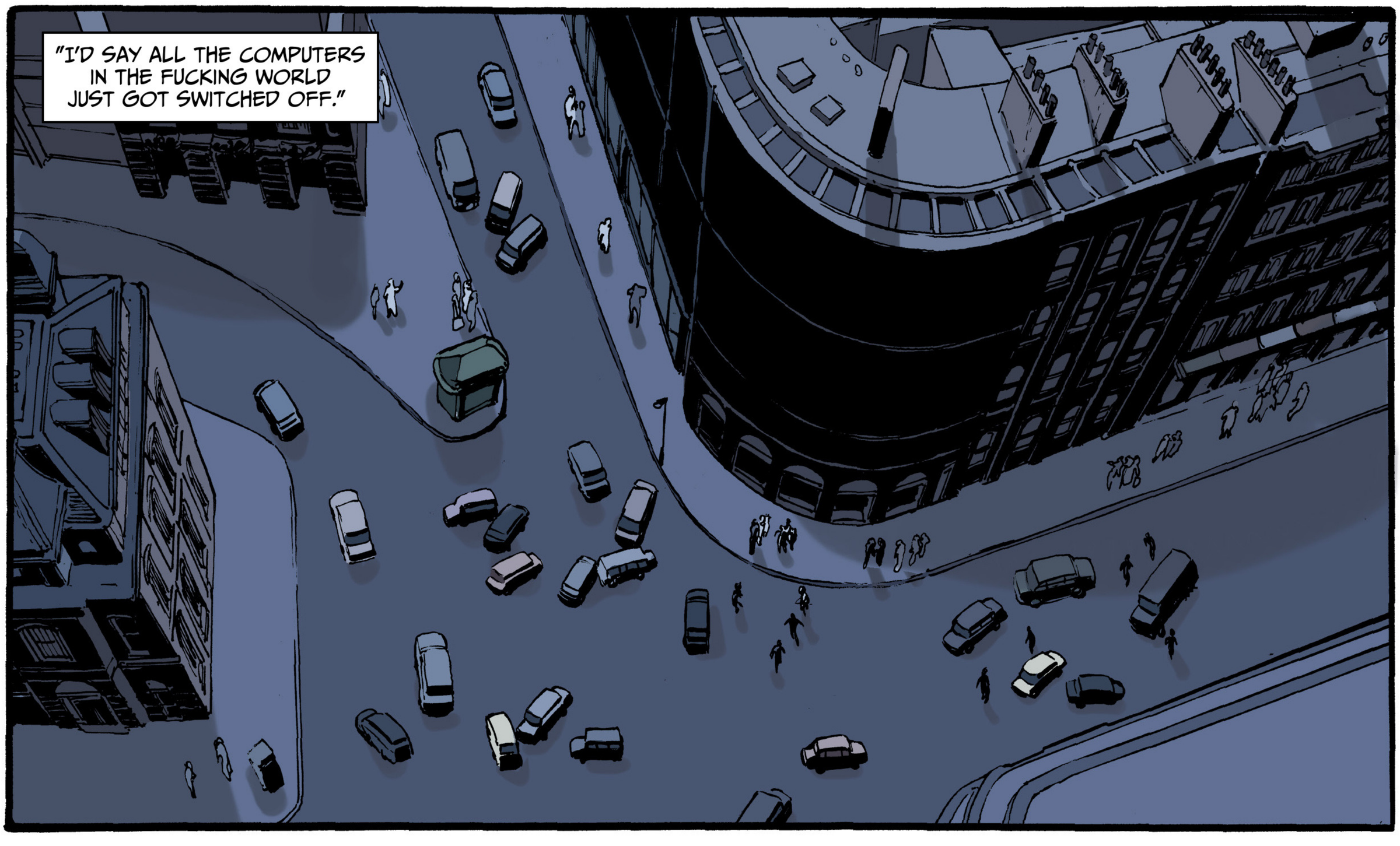
LE FAY? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

...UNWIN?

EGGSY?


Y'KNOW, IT'S JUST A GUESS HERE...


"BUT WERE I A BETTING MAN..."


"I'D SAY ALL THE COMPUTERS IN THE FUCKING WORLD JUST GOT SWITCHED OFF."

chapter THREE



THIS WORLD IS RUN ON *FANTASY.*

IT IS A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD. ONE OF INVENTED RULES AND FINANCIAL PHANTOMS.

AND I HAVE JUST MADE IT *REAL* AGAIN.

"YOUR LIVES ARE CONTROLLED BY DIGITS ON COMPUTER SCREENS."

"YOUR HOMES ARE SIX-FIGURE NUMBERS. IF YOU WORK A LIFETIME, STRUGGLE AND CRIPPLE YOURSELVES IN THE PROCESS, YOU GET TO SEE THAT NUMBER FALL."

"SLOWLY."

"*VERY* SLOWLY."

"THERE IS NO POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW, THEY TELL YOU. PFFFSS.... AS IF THEY KNOW THIS. AS IF THEY HAVE *SEEN.*"

"THE STOCK MARKET. CONFIDENCE. INFLATION. SHARES AND ECONOMIES RISE AND FALL."

"THE RICH, THE POLITICIANS, THEY *CONTROL* YOU WITH SUCH INVENTED MYTHS. KEEP YOU POOR AND NEEDY."

SALE

135

Cash Mac

Balance:£10

"A MAN PUTS HIS DEBIT CARD INTO A CASH MACHINE, PUNCHES IN NUMBERS AND IT GIVES HIM HIS REWARD LIKE A TRAINED RAT IN A LABORATORY EXPERIMENT."

"WHERE IS THE DIGNITY IN THIS?"

MY NAME IS ***RED DIAMOND.*** I HAVE JUST TURNED OFF EVERY COMPUTER ON EARTH.

AND I HAVE GIVEN YOU BACK A WORLD OF ***SUBSTANCE*** IN THE PROCESS. YES. THE FUTURE KINGS OF THE WORLD WILL BE THOSE WITH ***MATERIAL*** RICHES, AS THIS EARTH INTENDED.

IS...

...IS THAT PLAYING ON VHS?

BETAMAX ACTUALLY, PRIME MINISTER.

THAT'S THE TAPE THAT WAS DELIVERED. IT'S TAKEN US 19 HOURS TO TRACK DOWN A WORKING RECORDER.

BETAMAX...? OH GOD.

HE'S FUCKING INSANE.

"HEY, LOOK. IT'S THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS."

NEW YORK, FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

ONE WAY

WALL ST

BROAD

STOP

AND IT'S PASSED OUT LIKE MUM ON CHRISTMAS DAY AFTER TOO MUCH SHERRY.

SHIT. THE VIRUS HAS JUST SHUT DOWN EVERY COMPUTER IN NEW YORK, AT LEAST. PROBABLY MORE.

WE SHOULD PROBABLY GO AFTER THE JOLLY GUM GIANT.

HIS NAME IS *INGOT*. HE'S THE RED DIAMOND'S HENCHMAN.

IT'S PITCH BLACK IN NEW YORK, EVERY COMPUTER-ORGANISED TRANSPORT SYSTEM, SATELLITE AND CCTV CAMERA IS SHUT DOWN AND IT TOOK US CLOSE TO AN HOUR TO GET THAT BLOODY DOOR OPEN. WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM.

HE'S A HENCHMAN. AND HE'S GOT A HUNCHBACK.

...

THAT MAKES HIM A HUNCHMAN THEN, SURELY?

ARE YOU *SURE* YOU'RE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE?

INGOT CAME HERE TO KILL ALIAS, WHO WAS TRYING TO STOP THE VIRUS HITTING THE FINANCIAL SECTOR. SOMEONE WARNED ALIAS.

I HEARD HIM MENTION THE TREEMAN TWINS, IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU?

ON

OFF

EVEN ALIAS' SMARTPHONE'S BEEN INFECTED...

WHAT SAY WE GRAB A NIGHTCAP, AGENT KWAITO, AND YOU TELL ME WHO THIS RED DIAMOND GEEZER REALLY IS?

KWAITO?

SHE'S BATMAN...

EXCEPT SHE GIVES ME THE HORN.

BATMAN DON'T GIVE ME THE HORN.

"ALRIGHT. HERE'S A QUESTION FOR YOU..."

"IF THERE ARE NO COMPUTERS ANYWHERE..."

"HOW THE FUCK DO I GET HOME?"

RATHER SLOWLY, I'M AFRAID. PRETTY MUCH EVERY AIRCRAFT FLYING SINCE THE MID-80S HAS COMPUTERS EVERYWHERE. AND THEY'RE ALL CURRENTLY NOT WORKING. SO WE'RE GETTING ALL NOSTALGIC INSTEAD.

WE ONLY USE THIS FOR AIRSHOWS, NORMALLY. BUT SHE'LL GET YOU BACK TO LONDON. PROBABLY.

AW, SWEET, BRUV.

"NO SCHOOL LIKE THE OLD SCHOOL, EH?"

IS EGGSY ON THE NOISY AIRPLANE, AUNTIE LE FAY?

YES, RYAN, HE IS.

AND WE AGREED THAT YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME THAT, REMEMBER?

SORRY.

EGGSY!

ALRIGHT, RYAN? HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER. LE FAY TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU?

YOU FAILED IN YOUR MISSION, UNWIN.

WE'RE IN VERY BIG TROUBLE HERE.

BRIEFING. NOW.

"BRIEFING ROOM?"

"BOLLOCKING ROOM MORE LIKE..."

GIVEN THAT OUR RECORDS, OUR WEAPONRY AND PRETTY MUCH EVERY TOOL AT OUR DISPOSAL ARE RUN ON COMPUTERIZED SYSTEMS, THIS HAS BEEN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN.

BUT THIS IS THE MAN BEHIND THE CYBER ATTACK. ***RED DIAMOND***—SOUTH AFRICAN MINING MAGNATE.

REAL NAME ***JAKOBUS DU PREEZ.*** THE EPITOME OF THE SELF-MADE MAN. A MINER WHO WORKED HIS WAY UP FROM NOTHING VIA GOLD STRIKES... DIAMONDS... PRECIOUS JEWELS...

A RED DIAMOND IS, AS I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE, THE RAREST AND MOST EXPENSIVE DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.

AND HE'S COVERED IN THEM.

AFTER A MINING CAVE-IN CRUSHED HIM QUITE BADLY, HE LOST A LEG AND REQUIRED SOME SERIOUS DENTAL REPAIRS.

THERE WERE RUMORS —UNTRUE OF COURSE— THAT HE ***ATE*** HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROCK AND BACK TO SAFETY.

HE'S MENTAL THEN. THE FULL KIM JONG-UN.

WELL, HE IS CURRENTLY HOLDING THE ENTIRE PLANET RANSOM, UNWIN. SO THAT MAY WELL BE AN ADROIT PERCEPTION, YES.

HERE'S SOME FOOTAGE WE DUG OUT FROM A BBC INTERVIEW WITH HIM FROM SIX YEARS AGO.

I HAD AN EPIPHANY AS I LAY THERE, WAITING FOR HELP THAT I DIDN'T THINK WOULD EVER COME. MY LEG, MY FACE... CRUSHED BENEATH ALL THAT WEIGHT. THAT ROCK.

THAT WHICH LAY UPON ME... KILLING ME...

IT WAS *REAL.*

A WEIGHT OF *SUBSTANCE.*

THE WORLD HAD THAT ONCE. I THINK SOMETIMES WE HAVE LOST IT.

THE WORLD HAD TRUE GLORY ONCE. ANCIENT KINGS. THEY HAD GREAT RICHES, JEWELS...

GOLD!

GOLD!! ALWAYS BELIEVE IN YOUR SOUL...

...SORRY.

OK, HE'S SWITCHED OFF ALL THE WORLD'S COMPUTERS, AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN SECRET SERVICE WERE AFTER HIM.

WHAT'S HIS BATSHIT BONKERS RANSOM DEMAND? TWO MILLION MILKY WAYS AND A CAN OF SPECIAL BREW OR SOMETHING?

HE'S MADE NO DEMANDS, EGGSY. HE'S SIMPLY SHUT DOWN THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM UNDERPINNING ANY CIVILIZED SOCIETY.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

COMPANIES CURRENTLY HAVE NO WAY OF PAYING SUPPLIERS, EMPLOYEES.

BANKS ARE GOING TO RUN OUT OF PHYSICAL CASH RESERVES VERY SOON. CASHPOINTS WILL NOT PAY OUT.

PEOPLE WILL NOT HAVE MONEY TO BUY FOOD. AS THE IMPORT SYSTEM IS SIMILARLY DECAPITATED, SHOPS WILL NOT HAVE FOOD DELIVERED.

VHS!

THE LACK OF ANY DEMANDS SUGGESTS THAT HE HAS SIMPLY DONE THIS. THE END.

HE HAS GOLD AND JEWELS AND WILL BE ONE OF THESE NEW 'KINGS OF THE WORLD' HE DESCRIBES.

WHILE THE REST OF THE PLANET GOES BACK TO THE DARK AGES.

BANK

"IMAGINE THAT ALL YOUR LIFE SAVINGS ARE CURRENTLY BEING HELD BY A BANK."

"THAT MONEY HAS, FOR THE MOST PART, SIMPLY CEASED TO EXIST."

"THE MONEY YOU NEED TO BUY FOOD HAS CEASED TO EXIST. YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE GOING TO EITHER TAKE WHAT YOU NEED FROM OTHERS —VIA FORCE— OR STARVE."

"THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO START RIPPING ITSELF TO PIECES, EGGSY."

"UNLESS WE CAN STOP IT."

PECKHAM.

ALRIGHT, NORTON? LADS.

EGGSY? FUCK ME.

DON'T SEE YOU ROUND HERE MUCH.

YEAH, BEEN BUSY WITH WORK.

...RIGHT...

HOW YOU LOT DOING?

OH, YOU KNOW. SAME OLD SHIT. EXCEPT THE WORLD'S ENDING, APPARENTLY.

WANNA SMOKE?

OR YOU GONNA ARREST US?

EGGS!.

FUCK IT, STILL ONE OF THE LADS, AREN'T I?

NO.

YOU AIN'T.

BE CAREFUL OUT THERE, EH, BOYS?

THINGS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET A BIT HAIRY.

OH, THERE YOU ARE.

RYAN'S ASLEEP, FINALLY. KEPT GOING ON ABOUT YOU BEING A SPACEMAN OR SOMETHIN'.

THAT'S KIDS FOR YOU. ALWAYS EXAGGERATING.

CHEERS FOR THE FOOD, LOVE. THERE'S SO MUCH OF IT THOUGH, IT WON'T ALL FIT IN THE CUPBOARDS...

SHHHHHHHHHH... BE QUIET.

WOT?

CONTROL RECKONS THE SHOPS ARE GOING TO BE RUNNING OUT OF STUFF IN DAYS. LOOTING'S ALREADY STARTED.

THEY'RE BRINGING IN SUPPLIES VIA ARMY TRUCKS, BUT IT AIN'T GOING TO BE ENOUGH. PEOPLE ARE GOING TO FREAK THE FUCK OUT.

SO, KEEP QUIET ABOUT THE FOOD, ALRIGHT? YOU AND RYAN NEED TO STAY SAFE.

EGGSY...

JOHNNY.

BEEN SHOPPING, HAVE WE?

JOHNNY'S GONNA STAY HERE FOR A BIT, IF YOU'RE ALRIGHT WITH THAT? JUST 'TIL THINGS CALM DOWN. JOHNNY CAN LOOK AFTER YOUR MUM AND LITTLE RYAN.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A THING.

THERE'S A BIG FIRE.

THERE'S LOTS OF FIRES.

I CAN SEE THEM FROM MY WINDOW.

...SHIT.

"WE HAVE INTERCEPTED ANOTHER BETAMAX TAPE FROM RED DIAMOND."

IT IS AN INVITATION TO, AND I *QUOTE*, "THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE NEW *MATERIAL* WORLD."

HE REALLY LIKES MADONNA, DOESN'T HE?

HE'S PERSONALLY HOLDING A SEMINAR IN A REMOTE LOCATION IN HUNAN PROVINCE, THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA. MINING MAGNATES FROM AROUND THE PLANET, UNWIN. THE RICHEST GOLD AND JEWELRY MINERS. PRESUMABLY TO DIVVY UP THE PLANET.

NO POLITICIANS. NO PRESIDENTS. NO POPES.
MY GAFF, MY RULES!
HMMM. YES. SO YOU'RE ATTENDING A MINING CONFERENCE, IN EFFECT.
RAF
SEXY, THIS SECRET AGENT LARK, INNIT? SO, WHAT HI-TECH TOYS YOU GOT FOR ME, LE FAY?
FALSE MUSTACHE.
ERM... DOES IT EXPLODE OR SOMETHING?
IT DOES NOT, UNWIN. YOU WILL WEAR THIS AND TAKE THE IDENTITY OF AN AUSTRALIAN MINING MAGNATE AT THE CONVENTION—MARK 'TITCHY' BOWERS. FIND RED DIAMOND. FIND A WAY TO TURN THE COMPUTERS BACK *ON*.
IT'S STICKY.
GLUE, UNWIN. GLUE.
YOU AND YOUR BOFFINS... GOT ANYTHING ELSE THAT DOESN'T RELY ON COMPUTERS?
WE'VE RESEARCHED THE LOCATION RED DIAMOND HAS CHOSEN.
AND THESE TWO ITEMS MIGHT JUST COME IN HANDY. IT IS *IMPERATIVE* THAT YOU WEAR THE SUIT.

"FIRST. SEDATE AND TAKE OUT BOWERS AND HIS BODYGUARDS."

沪E·C8774

"THIS SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT FOR A KINGSMAN AGENT."

FUT
FUT
FUT

FUCK, MATE! YOU'VE KNOCKED THEM OUT!

THAT DART SHOULD'VE KNOCKED YOU OUT TOO!

I'VE GOT A METAL ARSECHEEK, YOU RAW PRAWN! ORIGINAL GOT EATEN BY A SHARK ON A SURFING HOLIDAY!

THE SHARK WAS ON A SURFING HOLIDAY?

OFFFFFF...

JUST... FUCKING... GO... UNCONSCIOUS!

KILLYOU! KILLYOU! POMFUCKER! KILL YOU!

AH! AH! GET YOUR... THUMB... OUTTA MY... FUCKING... EYE...

"AS I SAY, INSERTION SHOULD BE A STRAIGHTFORWARD EXERCISE."

THE RED DIAMOND IS DELIGHTED THAT YOU COULD MAKE THIS IMPORTANT SEMINAR, MR BOWERS.

AH, YOU CAN CALL ME TITCHY ...MATE.

I HAVE ORDERS TO SET YOU DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LIFT.

JESUS.

IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T IT?

...

ARE YOU CRYING?

JUST GET A BIT EMOTIONAL AROUND HEIGHTS IS ALL.

GENTLEMEN. LADIES. THE RED DIAMOND WELCOMES YOU TO ONE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

THE HUNDRED DRAGONS LIFT.

SO CALLED BECAUSE IT IS, LEGEND SAYS, THE SIZE OF A HUNDRED DRAGONS!

YOU DON'T SAY...

...AT OVER 1000 FEET TALL, THE CLIFF FACE CONTAINS ONE OF THE MOST ADVANCED AND BOUNTIFUL DEEP MINES ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, AND IT IS OWNED, AS YOU KNOW, BY THE RED DIAMOND MINING COMPANY.

YOU, HONORED GUESTS, ARE THE ***NEW KINGS AND QUEENS*** OF PLANET EARTH. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE TRUE SUBSTANCE OF THIS PLANET, AS YOU HAVE MINED ITS WEALTH, HELD ITS TANGIBLE RICHES.

FOR THIS REASON THE ***RED DIAMOND*** INVITES YOU INSIDE THIS CLIFF TO MEET WITH HIM PERSONALLY AND TO DISCUSS HOW YOU SHALL RULE THIS PLANET —TOGETHER.

HE HAS ENORMOUS RESPECT FOR YOU AND PROMISES YOU WEALTH BEYOND IMAGINING, INSIDE THIS MIGHTY MOUNTAIN!

...

YEAHHHH... AFTER YOU, MATE.

YOU HAVEN'T RISEN TO POWER BY BEING SCARED, HAVE YOU?

ENTER THAT LIFT AND YOU GET TO RULE THE WORLD.

BIT LIKE ORSON WELLES. IN *CITIZEN KANE*. 1941. CLASSIC FILM.

GUM...

RAISE THE LIFT.

GUM...

HE'S IN THE LIFT WITH US. THAT'S GOT TO BE A GOOD SIGN.

YOU WOULD THINK SO, WOULDN'T YOU?

AH...

WHAT A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR 'BOWERS'...

HMMM...YOU CAN CALL ME TITCHY, KWAITO, LUV.

YES...

I IMAGINE I CAN.

PLEASE, EVERYONE, THE MINE ENTRANCE IS DEAD AHEAD. RED DIAMOND WAITS FOR YOU THERE, ALONGSIDE SOME OF THE MOST AMAZING JEWELS EVER PRISED FROM THIS EARTH.

IT WILL BE A BIT LIKE FILM *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*, STARRING RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN. AND SHARON STONE IN EARLY ROLE. UNDERRATED 1985 ACTIONER.

GUM...

IF THEY CAN LAND OLD CHOPPERS UP HERE, HOW COME THEY DIDN'T JUST DO THAT WITH US?

MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO TAKE RED DIAMOND ALIVE. MAKE HIM REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE TREEMAN TWINS. THEY'RE THE HACKERS WHO WOULD HAVE WRITTEN HIS COMPUTER VIRUS.

UH... RIGHT...

I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU IF YOU INTERFERE IN MY MISSION...TITCHY.

...ARE YOU ...CRYING?

I'M NOT SCARED! I GOT POKED IN THE EYE, DIDN'T I?

SADLY RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN IS NOT HERE TO MEET YOU TODAY. OR SHARON STONE.

FUCK ME, THE HUNCHMAN DON'T HALF GO ON ABOUT...

...FILMS.

THIS MINE, LIKE SO MANY, IS EMPTY MY FRIENDS.

THE EARTH HAS BEEN PLUNDERED TO EXCESS. BY ME. BY ALL OF US.

THERE IS PRECIOUS LITTLE LEFT. IN TERMS OF GOLD, JEWELS, FOSSIL FUELS. YOU, MY FRIENDS, MY COMPETITORS, WILL SOON BE EXTINCT.

LIKE DINOSAURS IN *JURASSIC PARK*. 1993. STEVEN SPIELBERG.

BETAMAX

BUT I HAVE FOUND A ***NEW*** RESERVE. A HIDDEN WORLD OF ***NEW*** DEPTHS WHERE NO ONE HAS EVER DARED MINE BEFORE.

ONE THING AN OLD MINER KNOWS, MY FRIENDS?

EXPLOSIVES.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!

HE'S BLOWING THE MINE!

FUCKING PEG IT!

GUM.

GOODBYE...

BRITISH! COME ON!

RUUUUUMMMBBBLLLEEE

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THEM! THE LIFT'S STILL HERE! GET IN THE LIFT EVERYONE! GET IN THE FUCKING...

...SHIT.

I AM VERY SORRY, MY FRIENDS.

OH, THIS AIN'T GOOD.

THIS IS JUST BUSINESS. YOU UNDERSTAND.

AND YOU ARE MY COMPETITION. BUT, PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME NOW WHEN I OFFER YOU ONE LAST PROFOUND TRUTH.

MY GREAT SECRETTTTTT

fffizzzssccchhhhhh

THE VIDEO. IT'S BEING CHEWED.

I REALLY MISS DIGITAL, MAN.

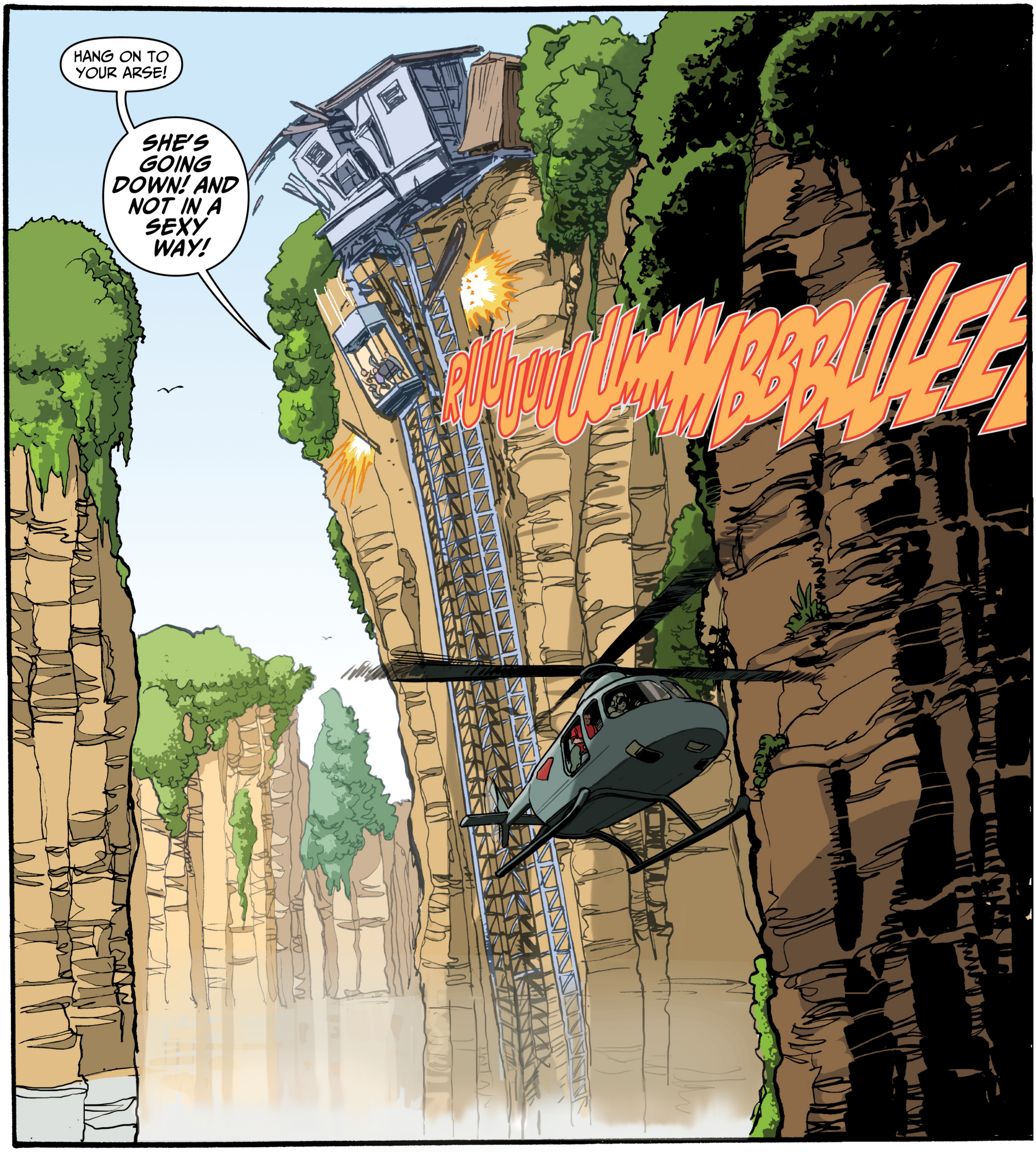
THUNNNKKKKKK!!!!

HE SET UP THE LIFT CAR TO LOCK!

HE KNEW WE'D RUN TO IT!

KREEEEEEEEEEEAAAKKK


EGGSY!
NOT GOOD... NOT GOOD AT ALL.


HANG ON TO YOUR ARSE!
SHE'S GOING DOWN! AND NOT IN A SEXY WAY!
RUUUUUUMMMBBBBLLEE

chapter
FOUR

PECKHAM, LONDON.

MORE FIRES, MUM.

LOTS OF THEM.

THIS AIN'T GOOD, RYAN, LUV.

OI, ALRIGHT, AARIZ? MISSUS GOOD? YOU GOT ANY FOOD DOWN THERE? WANT SOME?

IT'LL COST YA, MIND! JOHNNY'S ACCEPTING FAGS, BOOZE, WEED, HOUSEHOLD ITEMS! WHATEVER!

SPREAD THE WORD AROUND THE MOSQUE, EH? IF PEOPLE WANT FOOD, JOHNNY'S WHERE TO GO! JOHNNY'S GOT LOADS!

SHUT UP YOU MORON! WOT YOU DOING?

PROFIT, SHARON. FREE MARKET INNIT! WE'RE THE ONLY SUPERMARKET IN TOWN. ALL THAT FOOD EGGSY GOT YOU...

YOU'LL GET US KILLED, YOU IDIOT. PEOPLE ARE ALREADY WORRIED THEY'RE GONNA STARVE.


STOP OVERREACTING, SHARON! JOHNNY'S JUST RUNNING A BIT OF A SHOP IS ALL. PROFIT, INNIT!

TRUST JOHNNY AND HE'LL GET YOU SOMETHING SUPER NICE AT THE END OF THIS...I MEAN...


"...WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?"
CHINA, HUNDRED DRAGONS LIFT.
CREEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKK..
OH SHIT.
OH SHIT.
OH SHIT.
OH SHIT.
OH...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!


KWAITO! JUMP AT THE WINDO...
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
KICK THE GLASS!
I WAS ABOUT TO DO THAT...
OOOOO FUCKMEEEE EEEEE...
YES.


I HOPE YOU CAME PREPARED, BRITISH.
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!
FUCKPISSJIZZ SHITTINGBOLLOCKS ANDCOCK...
PLEASEFUCKINGWORK.
YANK!
WHUMP!
OHTHANKCHRIST.
LE FAY, YOU LEGEND!


DEPLOYING WINGSUIT!
UPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH!!!
AW MAN. THAT'S SERIOUSLY MESSED UP. ALL THOSE MINING FELLAS...
THERE IS NOTHING WE COULD HAVE DONE FOR THEM.
KRASSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!
EXCEPT FIND THE RED DIAMOND AND MAKE HIM PAY.
YEAH...HOW'D YOU KNOW TO HAVE A WINGSUIT?
STANDARD ISSUE, GIVEN THE LOCATION. ALTHOUGH THE SASS HAS A LITTLE MORE CLASS THAN TO STITCH THE NATIONAL FLAG INTO THE CROTCH AREA.
YOU WERE LOOKING, THEN...
AND I AM ALL CLASS, AGENT OF SASS. MANNERS MAKETH MAN, AS A TOP BLOKE ONCE TOLD ME.
SPEAKING OF MANNERS...INGOT'S HELICOPTER AHEAD.
I'LL POLITELY ASK IF I CAN SMASH HIS HEAD IN, SHALL I?

SO, THAT WENT RATHER WELL, I THINK, INGOT. RED DIAMOND WILL BE PLEASED.

HELICOPTER FLYING LOW OVER JUNGLE. LIKE *APOCALYPSE NOW*. 1979 CLASSIC. COPPOLA. FRANCIS FORD...

GUM!

UH... I KNOW YOUR JAW WAS DISLOCATED IN NEW YORK BUT WHY, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING, DO YOU KEEP SAYING...

GUM!

...OK.

NO OFFENSE, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE SOMEONE ABOUT THAT.

I'VE GOT THE MAP BACK TO THE RED DIAMOND'S BASE. WE'LL FLY FROM HEHUA AIRPORT. 20 MINUTES FROM HERE.

WHAT WAS THAT, MATE? SECRET MAP YOU SAY?

AW, BRUV. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.

CHEERS.

SNATCH

IT'S TITCHY BOWERS, THE AUSTRALIAN MINING MAGNATE! HE'S LEARNED TO FLY! SHOOT HIM!

NO.

I DON'T THINK SO...

YOU JUST COMMITTED MASS MURDER, AND YOUR BOSS IS TRYING TO DESTROY WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

SO WHY DON'T *YOU* LEARN TO FLY?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

GUM!

KRAKKKK!

KWAITO!

SHIT.

GUM...

1978. MARIO PUZO, *GODFATHER* AUTHOR, WROTE FIRST DRAFT OF SCREENPLAY...

BIT LIKE *SUPERMAN*. THE MOVIE. RICHARD DONNER.

...HMM.

...NNNNNNNNN

DON'TMISS DON'TMISS DON'TMISS DON'TMISS

DON'TMISSSSSSSSSS...

COME ON!!!

NNNnnnnnnn...

YES!!!!

I AM KANYE AND STORMZY AND JAY FUCKING Z COMBINED BOIIIIIIIIIIIII...

...BALLSACKS...

KRAKKK!

WHOOOOOOOOOOSSHHH!!!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

KRAKKK!

I CAN'T SEE THEM!

THERE'S NOWHERE TO LAND! WE CAN'T SET DOWN TO LOOK FOR THE BODIES!

THEY MUST BE DEAD, RIGHT?

HMMM...

FLY ON.

RIDE OF VALKYRIES.

CLASSIC CINEMATIC MOMENT.

"DER DER DER DER GUM DER..."

LONDON.

"RIOTING HAPPENING IN NEW YORK, PARIS, MOSCOW, ROME, TOKYO.

"EVERY CITY, REALLY. WORLDWIDE.

"AND THAT'S JUST THE MAJOR POPULATION CENTRES. THEY'RE NO DOUBT CLUBBING EACH OTHER TO DEATH IN THE CUL-DE-SACS OF THEYDON BOIS AS WE SPEAK. GRIMSBY. DUNDEE. THE SOUTH WALES VALLEYS.

"ALTHOUGH THEY PROBABLY STARTED THERE BEFORE THIS ALL BEGAN.

"WASN'T IT ROBESPIERRE WHO SAID THAT ANY CIVILIZATION IS ONLY TWO MEALS AWAY FROM REVOLUTION?"

RED DIAMOND KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING. SHUT DOWN THE WORLD'S FINANCIAL SYSTEM, CLOSE ALL MEANS OF TRADE AND RETURN US TO A TIME WHEN WE EITHER GROW OUR OWN FOOD, OR DIE.

GOD HELP US. AS A SPECIES, WE'VE RATHER ESCHEWED SELF-RELIANCE.

REPORT COMING IN FROM HUNAN PROVINCE, THE RED DIAMOND CONFERENCE.

WITNESSES SAW AN EXPLOSION AND THEN THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE CLIFF COLLAPSED.

NO SURVIVORS, APPARENTLY.

OH, UNWIN...

"YOU BLOODY IDIOT."

<Snore>

SNORING.

TAP!

OI!

I'M ALIVE. HOW AM I ALIVE?

I SAVED YOUR LIFE, DIDN'T I? YOU WERE FALLING. I HEROICALLY LANDED ON YOU. 'COS I'M A HERO.

ORRRR... HANG ABOUT... WE DIDN'T HAVE SEX, DID WE? MAYBE WE HAD SEX AND I WAS CONCUSSED AND...

IN YOUR DREAMS. YOU ARE NO HERO, BRITISH. INGOT GOT AWAY. WE'VE LOST OUR ONLY WAY OF FINDING THE RED DIAMOND.

WOT? APART FROM THIS MAP TO HIS SECRET BASE, YOU MEAN?

SO THEN, KWAITO...

AM I A HERO NOW?

YOU WANT THE MAP?
YES.
WHAT'S IT WORTH THEN?
A KISS?
IS THAT WHAT THEY TEACH FOR 'SEDUCTION TECHNIQUE' IN KINGSMAN HQ THESE DAYS? IT IS PATHETIC.
WOT?
SHALL I SHOW YOU WHAT THEY TEACH US AT SASS HQ, BRITISH?
K-RA-K-!
YOU KNOCKED OUT MY *TOOTH!*
SPHIT!
KRAKK-K!
AND THAT'S NOT ALL I'LL DO!
GIVE ME *THE MAP!*

KRAKKKK!!!

COME ON THEN, YOU FUCKING LUNATIC! IF YOU WANT IT, YOU CAN FUCKING *HAVE IT!*

OW.

I THINK...

...I'M A BIT CONCUSSED.

I HOPE YOU HAVE SOME ENERGY REMAINING.

NOT MUCH.

NOT ANY, REALLY.

THWUMP!

YUP.

I'VE GOT ENERGY.

BE GENTLE WITH ME, EH?

I'M FEELING A BIT TENDER.

BRITISH AGENTS ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

I HOPE THAT CONDOMS ARE STANDARD ISSUE TOO.

LATER...

IT'S GETTING COLD.

NO CLOUDS. BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, BUT GOING TO BE BRASS MONKEYS.

HERE. TRY AND KEEP WARM.

THANK YOU.

NO, NO. THANK *YOU.* IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN.

IS THAT THE SOUTHERN CROSS? NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

EITHER YOU ***ARE*** CONCUSSED OR YOU'VE NOT BEEN DOING THIS VERY LONG. SPIES DON'T TEND TO ADMIRE STAR CONSTELLATIONS.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, AND WHERE YOU GREW UP, BUT ME? I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER GET OUT OF THERE. PEOPLE LIKE ME, WE DON'T GET TO DO THIS SORT OF STUFF. GO PLACES LIKE THIS.

...

S'ALRIGHT, I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO SHARE YOUR LIFE STORY WITH ME. YOU'RE A SPY. I KNOW.

AND I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN TRAINED IN SEDUCTION AS A MEANS OF GAINING INTEL, AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE UP TO HERE. MY...UNCLE TAUGHT ME THAT.

OH...OH GOD, I AM SORRY.

WOT? NO! NOT LIKE THAT. HE WEREN'T NO PAEDO... HE WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT ME INTO THIS SPY GAME. ANYWAY, YOU'RE AFTER THE MAP. I GET IT.

THAT'S FINE. JUST GIVE US A SECOND, YEAH? WE CAN FIGHT AND YOU CAN TRY AND KILL ME OR WHATEVER.

YOU KNOW, BRITISH, SOMETIMES THERE IS NO PLAN.

SOMETIMES WOMEN WANT SEX TOO.

JUST...FOR LONGER THAN TWO MINUTES.

SHOULDN'T BE SO UNBELIEVABLY HOT, SHOULD YOU?

SPEAKING OF HOT, WESTERN SOCIETY'S GOING TO BE BURNING ITSELF DOWN, AND IT'S GONNA GO A BIT 'QUEST FOR FIRE' ROUND OUR WAY.

I NEED TO FIND A WORKING PAYPHONE AND MAKE SURE MY MUM AND RYAN ARE OK.

WE CAN CALL HOME WITH THE LOCATION OF THE BASE. KINGSMAN/SASS TEAM UP. LET'S GO PROPERLY FUCK UP RED DIAMOND AND SAVE THE WORLD TOGETHER.

ONCE THIS IS DONE I'LL BUY YOU A PUCKER, SLAP-UP DINNER DOWN THE DUKE OF SURREY PUB. WADDYA SAY?

...

I THINK I LIKE THE NEW BRITISH AGENT.

"I NEED TO USE YOUR PHONE. I SAID...*I NEED. TO USE. YOUR...*"

"SPEAKING SLOWER TO THEM WON'T MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, BRITISH."

IT'S RINGING.

〈 I APOLOGIZE FOR MY FRIEND, HE IS THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.〉*

AH.

*NB - TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE.

HELLO?

I DIDN'T KNOW THIS THING WAS STILL WORKING...

MUM! MUM, IT'S ME!

EGGSY? HAVE THEY FIXED THE COMPUTERS THEN?

THERE WERE PHONES BEFORE THERE WERE COMPUTERS, MUM! I'M JUST CHECKING YOU AND RYAN ARE ALRIGHT?

WE'RE OK. COULD DO WITH YOU HOME, THOUGH. FOR SOME, YOU KNOW... PEST CONTROL.

JOHNNY LIKES CRISPS! MUNCH

FUCK'S SAKE, MUM, HE'S NOT STILL THERE, IS HE? BOOT HIM OUT!

I'M GOING TO, LUV. HE'S DOING MY HEAD IN.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

OI OI! WASSIS? ANOTHER SOON-TO-BE SATISFIED CUSTOMER AT THE JOHNNY *SUPERSTORE!*

EVERY LITTLE HELP...

KRUNGCHUH!!!

FUCKING GET THE FOOD! GET THE FOOD!

AH!

GET OUT OF OUR FUCKING WAY, BITCH! OR WE WILL FUCK YOU UP!

GET IN THE KITCHEN. *GET THE FOOD! GET ALL OF IT!*

MUM?

GET OUT OF MY FUCKING FLAT!!

GO! GET THE FOOD! GET ALL OF IT!

MUMMMYYYYY!!!!

WHAT'S... WHAT'S GOING ON? RYAN...

CLUNK!

MUM!

...

COME ON...

COME ON!

TAP!TAP!TAP!TAP!

HELLO!

OXFORDS. NOT BROGUES. YOU HEAR ME?

...

I SAID OXFORDS NOT FUCKING BROGUES.

...UH... SAVILE ROW IS CURRENTLY SHUT FOR... REFURBISHMENT. THIS IS WHITEHALL. YOU'VE COME THROUGH TO THE CLUB INSTEAD AND WE... WE...

WE WHAT? ...HELLO? CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

THIS IS GARY UNWIN! EGGSY! I NEED YOUR HELP! I NEED SOMEONE TO GO ROUND TO MY MUM'S FLAT, NOW!

CUT THE SPY SHIT, ALRIGHT? THIS IS LIFE AND FUCKING DEATH!

THIS IS ABOUT MY FAMILY!

HELLO!

...

OH NO!

YOU...

...POSH...

...FUCKING...

...CUNTS!!

HELLO?

HELLO!

CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

GRAB IT! GRAB FUCKING EVERYTHING!

...PLEASE...

...I NEED HELP...

SAVILE ROW

chapter
FIVE

HUNAN PROVINCE, CHINA.

"WHEN MY UNCLE ASKED ME WHY I WANTED TO DO THIS WHOLE SPY THING..."

KRAK!

"I TOLD HIM IT WAS FOR MY MUM AND FOR MY BROTHER, RYAN. I WANTED TO GET THEM OUT OF THE SHITHOLE WE GREW UP IN."

<HUFF...>

<HUFF...>

旅行

内力

PECKHAM, LONDON.

"I WANTED HER TO HAVE SOMETHING *NICE* FOR A CHANGE."

...MUMMY?

OH FUCK...

SHARON. SHARON LUV, THEY MESSED UP JOHNNY'S BOAT RACE...

...SHARON?

BOLLOCKS TO THIS.

JOHNNY'S OFF.

AH!

JOHNNY DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'.

EXACTLY.

<SNIFF>

RYAN?

AUNTIE LE FAY?

THE BAD MEN KILLED MUMMY.

CHECK HER.

CHINA.

DID YOU HAVE TO KNOCK THEM OUT, BRITISH?

YEAH, I DID.

THEY WERE GETTING AGGRO WITH ME FOR SHOUTING DOWN THE PHONE.

YOU ARE NOT A THUG. YOU ARE *INTELLIGENCE.*

NAH, THAT'S JUST *THE SUIT,* KWAITO. I'M JUST SOME LUCKY CHANCER FROM A COUNCIL ESTATE WHO GOT A GOLDEN TICKET...

I THINK I JUST HEARD MY MUM AND BROTHER GET KILLED AND I'M PRETTY SURE THE WORLD'S BURNING TO THE GROUND AS WE SPEAK. WE FAILED.

THEY SHUT OFF ALL THE COMPUTERS. SO FUCK YOU. AIN'T NO INTELLIGENCE LEFT.

OI YOU! GIMME THAT BOTTLE!

IT IS *NOT* THE SUIT. "MANNERS MAKETH MAN," YOU SAID. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, KINGSMAN?

IT REFERS TO *SUBSTANCE.*

SUITS AND COMPUTERS AND GADGETS. YOU ARE *MORE THAN THAT!*

NO.

I'M NOT.

老式酒吧

RRRIIIIIIIIIIINGGG!

...

HELLO?

SHE'S ALIVE.

FRACTURED SKULL. THEY'RE OPERATING NOW. THERE WAS SOME BLEEDING ON THE BRAIN.

I HAVE RYAN.

RADIOL

MEDICAL IMAGIN

...FUCK...

THANKS...<SNIFF> THANK YOU, LE FAY. WHERE ARE YOU? KINGSMAN HQ?

PECKHAM HOSPITAL. WE COULDN'T GET BACK TO HQ. WE CAN'T GET ANYWHERE, UNWIN.

LONDON'S EATING ITSELF. THE WHOLE *WORLD* IS EATING ITSELF.

LITERALLY, IN CERTAIN CASES.

RED DIAMOND THOUGHT THE ONLY THING STOPPING US CLUBBING EACH OTHER TO DEATH AND DRAGGING OURSELVES BACK TO THE CAVES WAS THE MONEY IN OUR POCKETS.

IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS RIGHT.

I HOPE TO CHRIST YOU CAN GET HIM AND TURN THE COMPUTERS BACK ON, UNWIN. OR I THINK WE'VE LOST EVERYTHING.

YOU KEEP RYAN WITH YOU, OK? IF IT'S NOT SAFE OUT THERE, YOU HAVE TO PROMISE ME THAT.

...VERY WELL.

OK. WE STOLE A MAP BACK TO RED DIAMOND'S SECRET BASE. NEAREST AIRPORT TO HERE IS HEHUA. THAT'S WHERE THE HENCHMAN WAS FLYING OUT OF, I HEARD HIM...

SHE STOLE THE MAP...

WHO DID?

KWAITO. AGENT OF FUCKING *SASS*...

...SHE *STOLE THE FUCKING MAP!*

UNWIN!

SHIT!

交貨快

GOODBYE, EGGSY.

DON'T PUT THAT FUCKING PHONE BACK ON THE HOOK!

〈THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IS VERY RUDE AND VIOLENT.〉*

SHE'S GONE. SHE TOOK THE MAP, STOLE A VAN AND LEGGED IT!

WHERE WAS HIS BASE ON THE MAP?

UH, WE HADN'T HAD A PROPER LOOK YET. WE GOT A BIT ...DISTRACTED. I...I'M OUT OF IDEAS HERE, LE FAY.

YOU ARE A *KINGSMAN*, UNWIN, SO YOU ARE *NEVER* OUT OF IDEAS.

THE TOUGHEST ENTRANCE EXAMS IN THE WORLD, BOTH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL. AND *YOU* PASSED THEM!

I HAVE SEEN YOUR *IQ* MARKS. YOU ARE MORE THAN YOU CHOOSE TO CONVEY.

SO *THINK*, YOU BLOODY IDIOT!

N.B. * TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE.

UH... OK... RED DIAMOND HAD ANOTHER BETAMAX TAPE AT THE MINING MURDER CONFERENCE AND PRATTLED ON A BIT. AS THEY DO.

SAID THE WORLD'S RESOURCES HAD BEEN TAPPED OUT. SAID HE'D FOUND A FRESH RESERVE OF JEWELS.

"A HIDDEN WORLD OF ***NEW DEPTHS*** WHERE NO ONE HAS EVER DARED MINE BEFORE". I WAS THINKING, DEEP SEA MINING?

旅行

THE RED DIAMOND MINING COMPANY HAS DONE EXTENSIVE RESEARCH AND INVESTMENT INTO DEEP SEA MINING EXPLORATION, ACCORDING TO RECORDS. MOSTLY OFF THE COAST OF HIS NATIVE SOUTH AFRICA. AGENTS HAVE CHECKED THOSE SITES AND THEY ARE ABANDONED.

THAT TALLIES THOUGH. ***THINK.*** SOMETHING, SOMEONE SAID ABOUT A LOCATION? THE TREEMAN TWINS, THE HENCHMAN...

HUNCHMAN. NOT HENCHMAN. HANG ON A SEC...

THE HUNCHMAN... KEPT BANGING ON ABOUT FILMS...

THAT WAS REALLY WEIRD.

AND ***GUM.*** KEPT SAYING GUM. ALL THE TIME... ***GUM...***

EUR -FUCKING -EKA?

〈PLEASE GET OFF MY BAR, MR AMBASSADOR.〉*

LE FAY. IF IT WAS DEEP SEA MINING, WHERE'S THE DEEPEST PLACE ON EARTH? WHERE NO ONE HAS MINED BEFORE?

THE MARIANA TRENCH, DEEPEST POINT: CHALLENGER DEEP. ELEVEN KILOMETRES STRAIGHT DOWN. WESTERN PACIFIC EAST.

NOT A BILLION MILES FROM HERE, EH? IF YOU WANTED TO GET TO THE MARIANA TRENCH, WHERE'S THE NEAREST ISLAND? BECAUSE I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING IT MIGHT JUST BE...

GUAM.

NOT GUM.

"IF YOU ARE CORRECT, UNWIN, THE MAIN DEEPWATER PORT IS APRA HARBOR..."

"QUESTION THE DOCKLAND WORKERS. I PRESUME THE RED DIAMOND WILL HAVE BEEN SAVVY ENOUGH TO NOT USE HIS COMPANY NAME BUT SOMEONE WILL HAVE SEEN SOMETHING."

...BIG CUNT...

"FIND HIM OR THE WORLD, AS WE KNOW IT, ENDS. IT REALLY IS THAT BINARY."

YEAH, I TOOK HIM OUT. HE WENT ON ABOUT *JAWS* THE WHOLE TIME. KEPT TALKING ABOUT THE DOLLY ZOOM SHOT...

THAT'S HIM!

"TAKE US OUT TO THE SAME SPOT, WILL YOU, MATE? SAME DEAL YOU GAVE HIM. I'LL PAY YOU A FAIR WHACK..."

"I'M THE, ERM, BRITISH AMBASSADOR."

THAT? THIS IS WHERE YOU BROUGHT HIM?

YEAH. DROPPED HIM OFF AND THEN HE SENT US BACK.

THERE'S FUCK ALL HERE, BRUV! AND HE JUST, WHAT? SAT ON THE BUOY AND WAITED FOR HIS LIFT?

HE DIVED. DOWN.

OOF.

SAME DEAL AS HIM, RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT YOU PAID FOR. HE DIDN'T WANT US TO WAIT FOR HIM, AND WE'VE GOT FISH TO CATCH. SO, UP TO YOU, EITHER COME WITH US OR GET OFF.

...NOT SURE ABOUT THIS.

AT ALL.

splash!

BBLBLBLBL!!!*

AIR

*EDITOR'S UNDERWATER TRANSLATION— "BOLLOCKS!"

BBLBLBLBL!!!*

*EDITOR'S UNDERWATER TRANSLATION—"FUCK ME!"

ksssssFFFFUMMMPP

OH THANK CHRIST. THANK LITTLE MIX. I'M ALIVE.

OK... STEALING A FORD FOCUS WITH ALLOY WHEELS AND REAR SPOILER AND STEALING A MINI-SUBMARINE. HOW DIFFERENT CAN IT BE?

COMPUTERS WORK ON HERE. SOMEONE'S GOT HIS OWN WORKING SERVER. WHO MIGHT THAT BE, THEN?

THE WHEELS ON THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND...

ROUND AND ROUND.

...

ROUND AND ROUND.

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY...

AN IMPOSSIBLE UNDERSEA MINING CITY. YEAH. COURSE...

WISH YOU WERE HERE, RYAN MATE...

IT'S ALL GONE A BIT STINGRAY.

ATTENTION RUBY 2. YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED FOR DESCENT OR DOCKING.

BALLS.

PROVIDE THE CODEWORD OR WE WILL LAUNCH TORPEDOES.

UM...

CODEWORD...

GUM?

INCORRECT.

FIRING TORPEDOES.

FSSSZZZZZZZUUUUUUUMMMPP!

SHIT ME!!

KA-FUCKLOOM!

SOMEONE JUST BLEW THAT SUB!

FSSSZZZZZZZUUUUUUUUMMMP!

THERE ARE TWO WAYS I CAN USUALLY TELL IT IS YOU, BRITISH.

KA-THUM!

THE FIRST IS YOU NEED ME TO RESCUE YOU...

LIKE FUCK I DO! I SAVED YOU IN HUNAN, REMEMBER!

THE SECOND IS SWEARING. YOU ARE QUITE THE POTTY MOUTH, YOU KNOW.

LUCKY FOR YOU, SASS IS HERE TO WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT.


TORPEDOES INCOMING!

20,000 LEAGUES BELOW THE SEA AND I'VE GOT THE HORN...

INFORM RED DIAMOND WE ARE UNDER *ATTACK!!*

GET HIM OFF IT THEN!

KWAITO, GOT ONE ON YOUR TAIL! IF SUBMARINES HAVE TAILS!


PRESSING ALL THE BUTTONS!
ONE OF THEM'S GOT TO BE IT!
FSSSZZZZZZZUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMPP!
OOFU...LOADS OF TORPEDOES.
GOT HIM!
THAT DID THE TRICK!
KA-THLUM!
LOOKS LIKE WE ARE CLEAR TO DOCK WITH RED DIAMOND'S BASE.
FIND THE TREEMAN TWINS. GET THEM TO TURN THE COMPUTERS BACK ON. SAVE THE WORLD. SIMPLE.
UH, THEY'RE GOING TO KNOW WE'RE COMING RIGHT? HE'S GONNA HAVE HIS OWN DIAMOND-SHAPED FUCKING SOLDIERS OR SOME NONSENSE. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
WAITING AT THE AIRLOCKS FOR US, GUNS POINTED.

"OF COURSE."

<sniff>

FIRST RULE OF BURGLARY, SON...

...DON'T COME IN THE FRONT DOOR IF THE LIGHTS ARE ON.

HAVE IT!

FSSSZZZZZZZZUUUUUUUUUUMMMMPP!

BOOOOOOOOM!!!

RUN! RUUUUUUUNN...

YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER BEEN DOWN THE CROWN WHEN A MILLWALL–WEST HAM MATCH IS ON.

NO TIME TO DROWN DOWN HERE.

THE PRESSURE WILL IMPLODE YOU FIRST.

THE DEADLIEST ENVIRONMENT ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A WORKMAN'S ENTRANCE, IF YOU GET MY DRIFT. THERE'S GOT TO BE A FEW MORE OF THESE NEARBY.

RACE YOU TO THE MAD NUMPTY.

YOU KNOW, BRITISH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HALF THE THINGS YOU SAY ACTUALLY MEAN.

OK...

JUST LIKE UNCLE JACK WOULD'VE...

JESUS! FRIGHTENED THE LIFE OUT OF ME!

WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

ANYONE!

YOU STOLE MY MAP AND LEFT ME STRANDED IN BUMFUCK, CHINA!

YOU WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH SELF-PITY AT THE TIME THAN SAVING THIS PLANET. I HAD A MISSION TO COMPLETE. I AM A SECRET AGENT.

SO AM I!

ARE YOU CERTAIN OF THAT?

YES!

I AM GLAD TO HEAR IT.

TIME FOR YOU TO PROVE IT.

BANG! BANG!

INCOMING!

YOU ARE A BIT LATE FOR THAT.

TO YOUR RIGHT.

OH SHIT. MORE OF 'EM.

BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPPP!!!

WE NEED TO FIND THE TREEMAN TWINS AND THIS PLACE IS BLOODY MASSIVE!

COMPUTER PANEL. 6 O'CLOCK. SHOULD HAVE A MAP, RIGHT? YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT MAPS!

I CAN'T GET TO IT. TOO MUCH FIRE. THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!

BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPPP!!!

BANG!

BANG!

S'ALRIGHT.

I BROUGHT PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE.

WHAT ARE YOU...

THO OOOOOM!!!

CREEEEAAAAKKKKK!

YOU DO REMEMBER WHERE WE ARE, RIGHT?

YEAH...

I TOOK A RISK.

NOW GET TO THAT FUCKING COMPUTER!

BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPP!!!

WORKING! THEY HAVE AN INTERNAL SYSTEM UNAFFECTED BY THE VIRUS! INDIVIDUAL LOCATORS!

BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPP!!!

TREEMAN... TWINS!

LOOKING!

LOOK FASTER OR WE'RE DEAD!

BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPP!!!

THIS WAY!
YOU'VE GOT THEM?
ONE OF THEM!
BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPP!!!
WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE? DO WE NEED BOTH TO TURN THE VIRUS OFF? WHERE'S...
I DON'T KNOW!!!
I JUST KNOW HE'S IN MINING ROOM ALPHA AND IT'S DOWN HERE!
KRAKAKAKAKAKA!
FUCK!
BRAAAAAAPPPP-BRAPPPPPP!!!
GOT IT!
MINING ROOM ALPHA
GET US IN! GET US FUCKING...
...IN.

YESSSS...

YOU WOULD DO WELL TO GAPE IN WONDER, LOWLY AND COMMON SERF SCUM PEOPLES.

FOR YOU GAZE UPON THE *NEW* KING OF THE WORLD!

YES...

I HAVE MADE IT, MA!

TOP OF THE WORLD!

chapter SIX

GORAN PARLOV

IF I HAVE LEARNED ONE THING IN MY LONG AND *VERY* SUCCESSFUL LIFE, IT IS THAT PRESSURE DOES THINGS TO PEOPLE. IT *CHANGES* COAL TO A RARE JEWEL...

MY NAME IS *RED DIAMOND* AND I HAVE CHANGED. DOWN HERE, IN THE DARKNESS, WHERE THE PRESSURE IS GREATEST.

I WAS ONCE A HUMBLE MINER IN THE HILLS OF MY BELOVED SOUTH AFRICA. NOW, THOUGH? I HAVE BECOME HUMANITY'S *KING.*

SO, ANSWER ME THIS...

WHO THE FUCK ARE *YOU?*

AND WHY DO YOU NOT BOW BEFORE MY INCANDESCENT GLORY?

FUCK'S SAKE...

PUT SOME FUCKING CLOTHES ON, YOU WORLD-CLASS NUMPTY WRONG 'UN.

HE'S... UH... HE'S GONE A BIT...

REALLY? YOU DON'T *SAY?*

MATE, HE'S CAUSED ALL HUMAN SOCIETY TO CRUMBLE, IS SAT NAKED ON A MASSIVE PILE OF GOLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN AND HE'S GOT YOU CHAINED TO HIM LIKE A ONE-FOOT STUMPY SEX SLAVE!

WHAT GAVE IT AWAY?

BRITISH. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I LOCKED THAT DOOR BEHIND US BUT THE SOLDIERS WILL GET IN SOON...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WE'VE GOT NO WAY OUT.

OK, LIMP DICK THE THIRD. SINCE YOU ASKED. I'M KINGSMAN. SHE'S *SASS.*

WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT YOU. GET YOUR GIMPY COMPUTER PROGRAMMER HERE TO TURN OFF THE COMPUTER VIRUS AND TURN THE WORLD'S COMPUTERS BACK ON. HOW'S THAT FOR *"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?"*

DETAILS... NONSENSE...

I ASKED WHO YOU ARE... BUT YOU ARE JUST COMMON PEASANTS. WITHOUT GOLD. WITHOUT JEWELS.

I WONDER IF YOU EVEN KNOW...

YOU CANNOT SHOOT ME. THIS IS *MY* KINGDOM. A PALACE OF *MY* CREATION. IF I DIE IT WILL FALL.

I HAD THIS FAIL-SAFE ATTACHED TO MY HEART. SHOOT ME AND THE AIRLOCKS AROUND THIS CITY WILL ALL OPEN AND YOU WILL IMPLODE.

A KING MUST PROTECT HIMSELF FROM TREACHERY, AFTER ALL.

SHIIIT.

THE POLITICIANS AND ACCOUNTANTS SENT YOU, THEN?

I GAVE THEM THEIR WORLD BACK, FREED HUMANITY FROM ITS SLAVERY TO CREDIT SCORES AND HEDGE FUNDS AND CORRUPT POLITICIANS AND INSTEAD OF THANKING ME THEY TURNED UPON EACH OTHER...

OH, HOW THEY NEED A WISE LEADER. SOON I SHALL RISE.

TRIFIC.

YOU ARE TREEMAN? THE COMPUTER PROGRAMMER WHO MADE THE VIRUS? WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER?

THEY KILLED HIM. AND, *INGOT*, THE BIG ONE, CUT OFF MY FUCKING FOOT!

THE BIG ONE?

GUM!

KRAKKKKKKKK!!!

THIS IS *INGOT.* HE SERVES ME WELL. HE KILLS FOR ME.

AND I FIND HIS MANY THEORIES REGARDING RIDLEY SCOTT'S UPDATED *ALIEN* FRANCHISE CHALLENGING AND ELUCIDATING.

FUUUUUUCK...

WANT TO KNOW MY FAVORITE FILM, *EVER?*

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN. MEL BROOKS. 1974.

MONSTER HAS MOMENT OF GLORY. GETS TO DRESS IN TOP HAT AND TAILS AND SING SONG TO CROWD.

KRASSHH!!

DANCES... SO GRACEFULLY...

BRAVE, SCARED, MISUNDERSTOOD CREA-SHUN, BARES SOUL, REVEALS HIMSELF TO HAVE TENDER POET'S HEART.

MFFFFFFFFFF!!!

MFFFFFFFFFF!!!

IMMENSELY MOVING.

MFFFFFFFFFF!!!

MFFFFFFFFFF!!!

GUM.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

YOU KILLED MY BROTHER AND CHOPPED OFF MY FOOT!

OFFFFF!!!

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN'S A COMEDY, YOU FUCKING MORON!!!!

IT'S CLEARLY A FUCKING COMEDY!!!

I MEAN, JESUS!!

GET OFFA.

...GUM

HE'S RIGHT.

THLUK!

IT'S A COMEDY.

KRAKKKK!

WHAT ARE YOU...DOING?

LOOKING FOR...

SOMETHING...

SO SHUSH A SEC, RED BALLBAG.

BRITISH! BRITISH! I NEED YOUR HELP! HE'S TOO BIG! HE'S TOO...

THUNK

BIG!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

YES.

I AM.

KRAKKKK!

OI! OI! BIG FELLA!

GUESS WHAT I FOUND IN MY BACKPACK?

THUNK!

GUM.

INNIT.

WELL, NOT GUM. PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES, ACTUALLY.

MMMMMMMMFFFF!!!

CUT TO END TITLES...

MMMMMMMMF

MMMMFFFF!!!

THOOOOOOM!!

YOU... IDIOT...

KREEEEAAAAAKKKK!

YOU FUCKING... IDIOT...

YOU'RE USING EXPLOSIVES *HERE?*

WE'RE AT THE ***BOTTOM*** OF THE MARIANA FUCKING TRENCH!

THE WATER PRESSURE HERE IS ***INCREDIBLE.*** IF THE WALLS BREAK WE'LL ALL BE TURNED TO MUSH IN AN INSTANT.

YEAH, PROBABLY A DUMB THING TO DO.

BUT I CAN BE A BIT DUMB SOMETIMES, TRUTH BE TOLD.

PUNCHED THE ODD BIT OF ROYALTY IN MY TIME...

YOU ASKED WHO I AM?

I'M A SECRET AGENT FROM A PECKHAM COUNCIL ESTATE CALLED EGGSY. WHICH MEANS I AIN'T YOUR AVERAGE SECRET AGENT. ***BUT...***

...I DO LOOK ***FUCKING*** GOOD IN THIS SUIT.

...PUTTING ON THE RITZ...

THNNNKKKK!

Kkkkkkkkk...

POISON DART... PROPER SPY SHIT...

YOU PUT MY MUM IN THE HOSPITAL, YOU SLAG!

EGGSY!

OH.

HANDS IN THE AIR! HANDS IN THE FUCKING AIR!

NOW! NOW! DO IT NOW!

OH GO... BLEURCH...

Kkkkkkkkkcchhhhh...

Kkkkkkkkkcchhhhh...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR FUCKING KING!

I'VE POISONED HIM.

WHAT? I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

YOU COULD DO THAT. BUT THEN HE DIES, THE AIRLOCKS OPEN AND WE ALL DIE. INCLUDING YOU.

ORRRRRR... I HAVE THE ANTIDOTE IN MY BACKPACK. LET ME GIVE IT TO HIM.

KKKKKKk cchchhhhhhhhaaaa asssssssss...

I THINK THAT'S A YES.

KKKKKKkcc hchhhhhhhhaaaaaasss sssssSSSS!!!

DEFINITELY A YES.

UNCHAIN TREEMAN AND I GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE.

NO TIME TO PISS ABOUT. THAT STUFF ACTS QUICK.

CHINK!

OK. POISON ANTIDOTE... POISON... ANTIDOTE... IT'S... IN HERE... SOMEWHERE...

HURRY UP!

I'M LOOKING... SPARE PANTS? NO... KWAITO RUN...

OH GOD... YOU'RE GOING TO...

MIGHT DO, YEAH. RUN.

YOU RUN AND YOU DIE!

SHOOT ME AND YOUR KING DIES MATE... IN HERE SOMEWHERRR-RRE... TOOTHPASTE? NO. CONDOMS...

EXPLOSIVES! LOTS AND LOTS OF EXPLOSIVES!

FUCKING PEG ITTTTTTTT-TTTTTT!!!!


BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!
FUUUUUUUUU...
SHUTITSHUTIT SHUTITSHUTIT SHUTIT!
I KNOW!
WAIT!
SHUTITSHUTIT SHUTITSHUTIT SHUTIT!
SHHHHHHHHHHHHZZUMMMMMP
IT'S SHUT. AND AIRLOCKED.
KREEEEEAAAAAKKKKK!
...THE ROOF'S...
HOLDING.
FOR NOW.

KREEEEAAAAAK!

GET TO THE SUBS!

KREEEEAAAAAK!

WAIT! THE VIRUS! THE COMPUTER VIRUS!

I CAN ONLY TURN IT OFF FROM HERE! FROM THE RED DIAMOND CENTRAL COMPUTER!

YOU ARE HAVING A LAUGH, AINTCHA? THIS THING'S GONNA GO ANY SEC!

KREEEEAAAAAK!

GET ME TO THE TERMINAL THERE! QUICK!

MATE, WE ARE GONNA DIE AND THE WORLD'S GONNA BE MESSED UP GOOD AND PROPER.

KREEEEEAA AAAKKKK!

OPEN IT! GET IT FUCKING OPEN DARREN! GET IT FUCKING...

I'M TRYING AREN'T I...YOU CAN SEE ME FUCKING...

GET OUTTA THE WAY, DARREN! YOU CAN'T DO IT! YOU CAN'T FUCKIN...

KREEEEAAAAAKKK.

Kkkkkkk...

FOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

"UH...THAT MEANS RED DIAMOND'S DEAD, AND HE SAID THE AIRLOCKS WOULD GO. SO..."

"NICE KNOWING YOU ALL."

I PROGRAMMED HIS COMPUTERS. I'VE WRITTEN IN AN OVERRIDE.

WE HAVE AS LONG AS THAT INTERNAL AIRLOCK HOLDS. WHICH WON'T BE LONG...

TAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAP

YOU CAN GO IF YOU WANT. RED DIAMOND KIDNAPPED ME, MURDERED MY BROTHER, CUT OFF MY FOOT.

IF I DON'T SEND THE VIRUS CURE NOW, THE COMPUTERS NEVER GET TURNED BACK ON UP THERE.

HE DOESN'T GET TO WIN. AND WE CAME HERE TO GET YOU OUT TOO, SO THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO.

GET FUCKING *ON* WITH IT THEN!

...JUST NEED A MINUTE OR TWO. I'D ALREADY WRITTEN THE CODE...

TA APTAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAP!

THAT DOOR ISN'T GOING TO HOLD, IS IT?

KREEEEEAAAAAAKKKK!

KREEEEEAAA

EGGSY. IN CHINA... I SAID TO YOU THAT YOU ARE MORE THAN THE SUIT.

KREEEEEAAAAAAKKKK!

YEAH...

KREEEEEAAAAAAKKKK!

I WAS RIGHT.

YOU'RE AN IDIOT TOO.

LONDON.

OBVIOUSLY.

PANOSONIC

SHOES FOR HUMANS

I MUST SAY, IT'S ENORMOUSLY GOOD OF YOU TO COME HERE IN PERSON, YOUR MAJESTY.

MMMM. WELL, THE LITTLE OIK DID JUST SAVE THE WORLD, FROM ALL I'M TOLD.

AND HE SAVED ME TOO, FROM THE INCIDENT WITH THOSE STRANGE *STAR TREK* CHAPS...

UMMM, THEY WEREN'T ACTUALLY...

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU, EH? ***EH? HA!***

UMMM... YES, YOUR MAJESTY.

I WAS A LITTLE RUDE TO HIM AFTER THE CABLE CAR. THOUGHT I'D COME SHAKE HIS HAND AND SAY 'WELL DONE!'

AND WE ARE ALL ENORMOUSLY APPRECIATIVE OF YOUR TIME, PRINCE PHILIP. THE PRIME MINISTER IS HERE TOO. BORIS JOHNSON. JACOB REES-MOGG. DAVID BECKHAM. THE HOLLYWOOD ACTRESS HERMIONE GRANGER...

I'M SURE UNWIN WILL ARRIVE ANY SECOND NOW.

BEEP!

WHERE *ARE* YOU, UNWIN?

WE'VE GOT ROYALTY HERE WAITING FOR YOU!

THAT YODA CHAP. GREEN FELLA. FOREIGN SORT. DIDN'T MUCH CARE FOR HIM...

THE EGGMAN

GOT MY OWN ROYALTY, LE FAY. DUKE OF SURREY, INNIT.

HE'S COMING! THE TURNER GT JUST PULLED UP!

GENTLEMEN, LADIES! PLEASE RAISE YOUR GLASSES TO THE *HERO OF THE HOUR!*

KREEEEEEEK!

MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM A ***MR EGGSY***, YOUR MAJESTIES!

"SORRY ALL, STOP. APPRECIATE THE TURNOUT, STOP. ME MUM'S NOT BEEN WELL SO I'VE TAKEN HER DOWN THE BOOZER TO CHEER HER UP, STOP."

"PLEASE GIVE MY MEAL AND CHAMPERS TO TED HERE. HE SERVED AND WAS IN THE NAVY, SEE. STOP."

HERE, HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME! I'VE JUST REALIZED!

WOT A NICE LAD, EH?

YES.

HE IS.

PHEASANTS...

"PHUCKING PHEASANTS..."

THE DUKE OF SURREY

THE DUKE OF SURREY

EVENING ALL...

SO, TELL ME, KWAITO, IN SOUTH AFRICA DO THEY HAVE A RARE DELICACY KNOWN AS 'SCAMPI FRIES'?

THEY DO NOT, BRITISH.

THEN YOU, MY AFRICAN, AMAZONIAN, BEYONCÉ-ESQUE GODDESS, HAVE NOT LIVED.

YOU DO TALK SOME SHIT, BRITISH.

THAT I DO, YES. YOU ALRIGHT GETTING YOU AND TREEMAN A DRINK WHILE I...

I CAN HANDLE MYSELF.

YOU, GIRL WITH MOUTH HANGING OPEN LIKE YOU'RE CATCHING FLIES. A PINT OF GUINNESS, PLEASE. A RUM AND COKE FOR MY FRIEND MR TREEMAN HERE.

AND SCAMPI FRIES. A VAST PILE OF THEM.

RIGHTYOUARE.

NORTON. LADS.

ALRIGHT, EGGSY?

PINT IN A SEC? BE GOOD TO CATCH UP.

YEAH.

A PINEAPPLE JUICE FOR RYAN AND JUST A DIET COKE FOR ME, LUV. DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

I'LL STICK A SNEAKY GIN IN IT. NO ONE'LL KNOW.

YOU'RE A DIAMOND.

ROUGH DIAMOND...

YEAH...

THAT'LL DO ME.

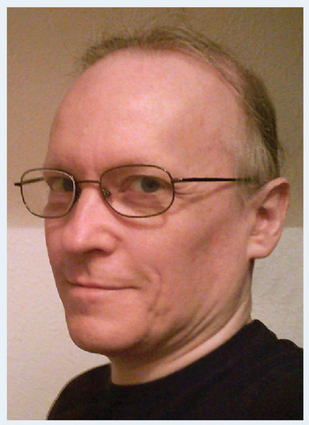
THE END



ROB WILLIAMS is currently the writer of *Suicide Squad* for **DC Comics** and has, over his career, written some of the biggest characters in popular culture, including *Superman* in *Action Comics*, *Star Wars, The Amazing Spider-Man* for **Marvel**, *Doctor Who*, *Indiana Jones, Judge Dredd* and many more. His creator-owned comics include *Unfollow*, *The Royals: Masters of War*, *Ordinary* and *Cla$$war*.
His journalism credits include *GQ* and the official *NFL GameDay* programme.
His work can be found at **robwilliamscomics.co.uk** and he does not apologize for the rude bits in the comic you're reading. They were all the artist's fault.

SIMON FRASER is a Scots comics artist and writer living in New York City. His credits include drawing *Judge Dredd* and *Doctor Who*.
He created the Eagle Award-winning character *Nikolai Dante* (with Robbie Morrison) and *Family* (with that Rob Williams fellow).
He's worked for numerous publishers including **DC Comics**, **Image Comics**, **Dark Horse Comics**, **IDW**, *2000AD* and more.
One day he'll finish writing and drawing *The Adventures of Lilly Mackenzie*. He appreciates good whisky and fine tailoring, and lives happily with his wife, daughter, many many books, and no pets whatsoever.
http://simonfraser.net





Having drawn and painted a *James Bond* series, further back then he cares to remember, **GARY CALDWELL** decided coloring was a much less intimidating (as in 'easier') option, and repositioned accordingly (he's now completely forgotten how to draw, if he ever knew in the first place). He first worked with **Simon Fraser** on *Nikolai Dante*, and has been collaborating with the artist ever since. When not coloring Simon's stuff, he's usually working for *2000 AD,* or anyone else that asks. When not at work, he watches movies—particularly war, sci-fi, horror, samurai and cross-genre with a particular liking for weird and not-so-weird Asian cinema. When at a total loose end, he wastes his life away gaming on his PC and console.
He could go on, but would start to get depressed!



PETER DOHERTY has worked in comics since 1990. His first job was painting artwork for the **John Wagner**-written *Young Death*, published in the first year of *The Judge Dredd Megazine*.
For the next few years he painted art for a number of *Judge Dredd* stories.
Over the last decade or so he's also worked on various projects in various different roles—as a colorist, letterer, designer and production person.

RACHAEL FULTON is series editor of **Mark Millar** and **John Romita Jr's** monthly ongoing *Kick-Ass* series, as well as the monthly ongoing *Hit-Girl* series—working with talent such as **Jeff Lemire**, **Rafael Albuquerque** and **Goran Parlov**.
She is editor of **Netflix's Millarworld** division, where she is currently producing *The Magic Order* with **Mark Millar** and **Olivier Coipel**.
Her past credits as series editor include *Empress, Reborn,* and *Jupiter's Legacy 2*.
She is collections editor for the most recent editions of *Kingsman: The Secret Service* and all volumes of *Kick-Ass: The Dave Lizewski Years*. She tweets about feminism and cats from the handle **@Rachael_Fulton**.

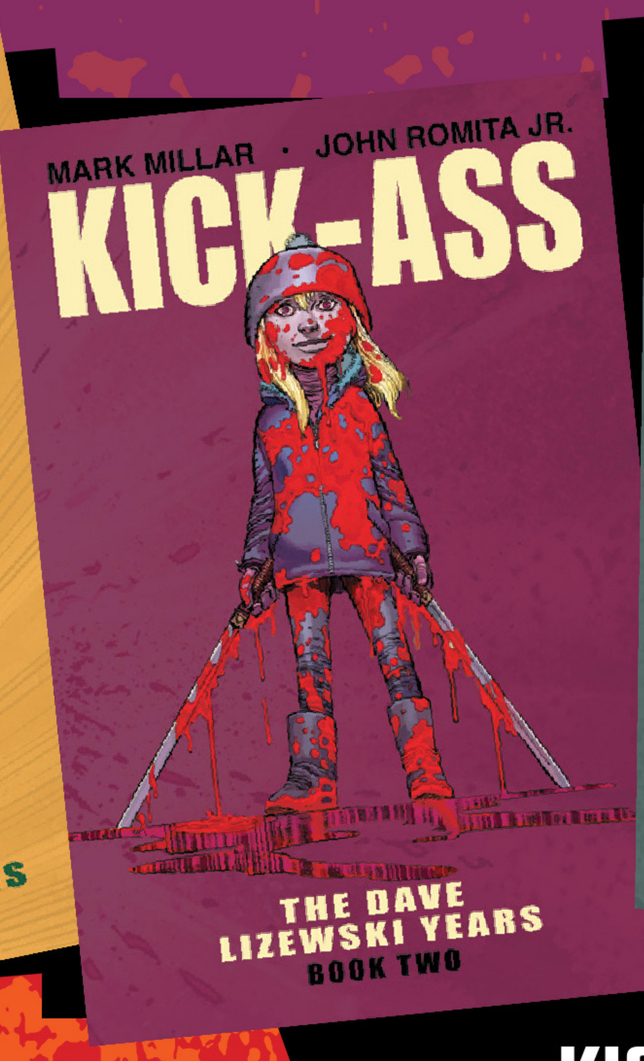




MELINA MIKULIĆ is not yet an Eisner Award winner in the Best Publication Design category for a simple reason: she's designed more than a thousand gorgeous comic books (including **Fibra**'s editions of *Moebius*, and Marjane Satrapi's *Persepolis* and *Tezuka*) but all on the wrong continent . That is about to change.
She is a Master of Arts, and graduated from the Faculty of Design in Zagreb, Croatia, where she was born. As a graphic designer, she is primarily engaged in design for print, with a growing interest in illustration and interactive media.

Also by **MARK MILLAR**

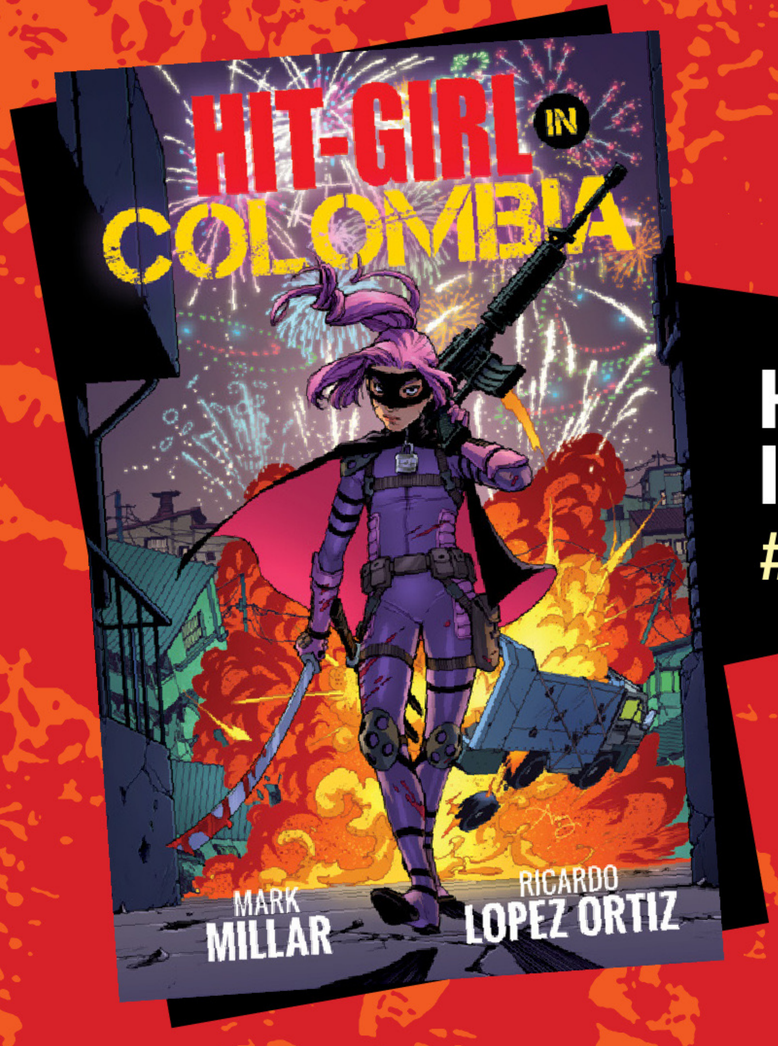








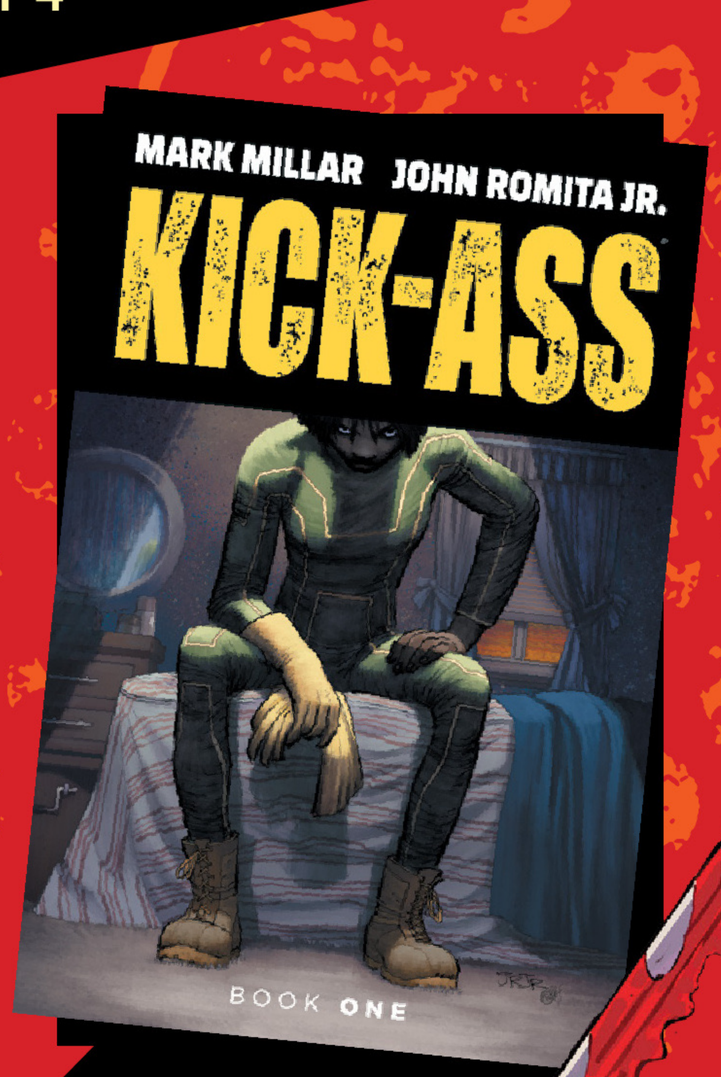
KICK-ASS: THE DAVE LIZEWSKI YEARS
Vol 1-4



HIT-GIRL IN COLOMBIA
1-4



KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE
1-6



KICK-ASS
1-6



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THE COLLECTION CHECKLIST



EMPRESS
Art by Stuart Immonen



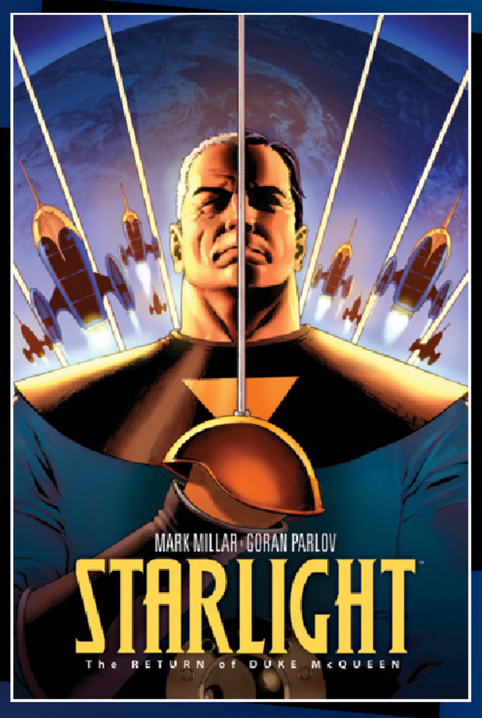
HUCK
Art by Rafael Albuquerque



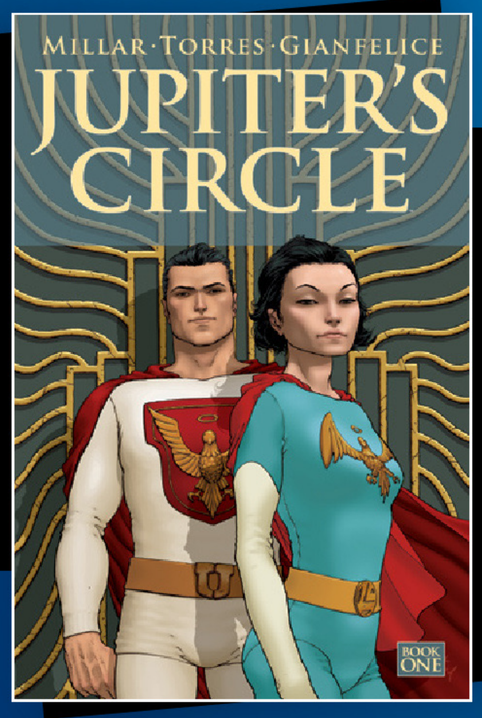
CHRONONAUTS
Art by Sean Gordon Murphy



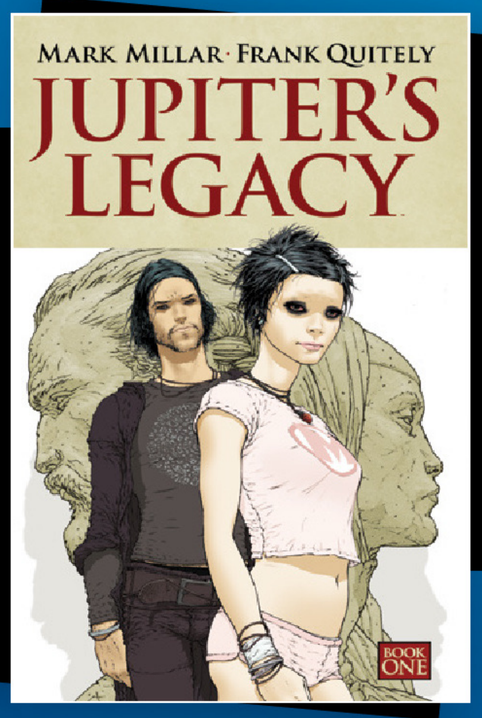
MPH
Art by Duncan Fegredo



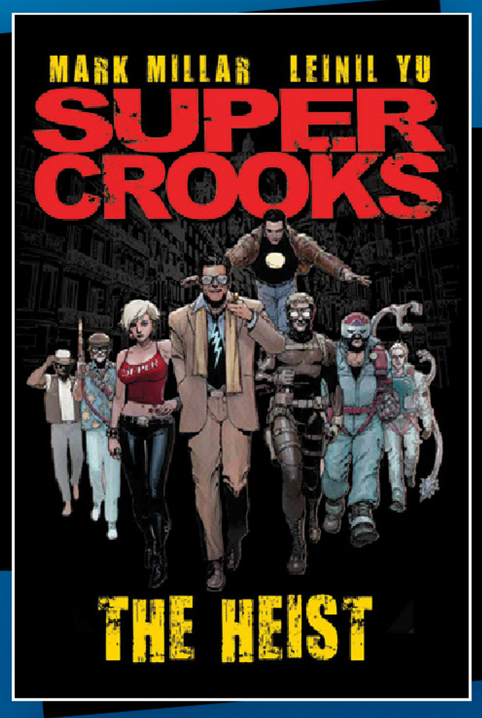
STARLIGHT
Art by Goran Parlov



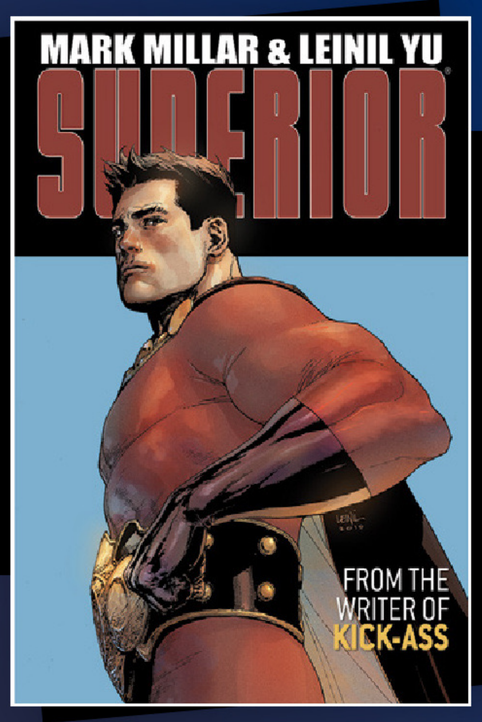
JUPITER'S CIRCLE 1 & 2
Art by Wilfredo Torres



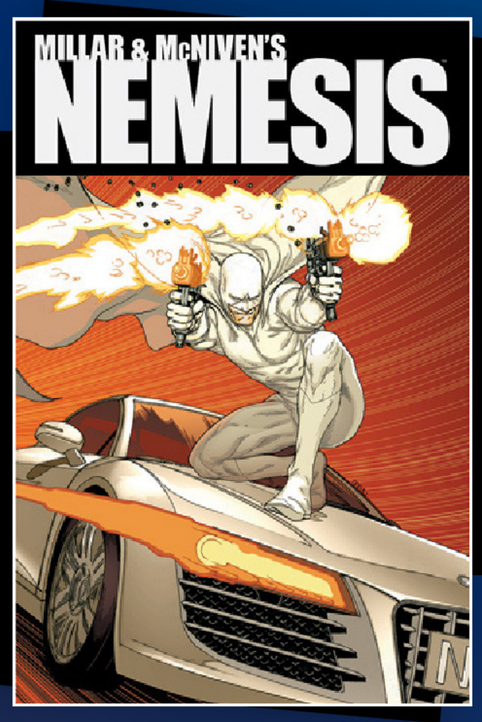
JUPITER'S LEGACY
Art by Frank Quitely



SUPER CROOKS
Art by Leinil Yu



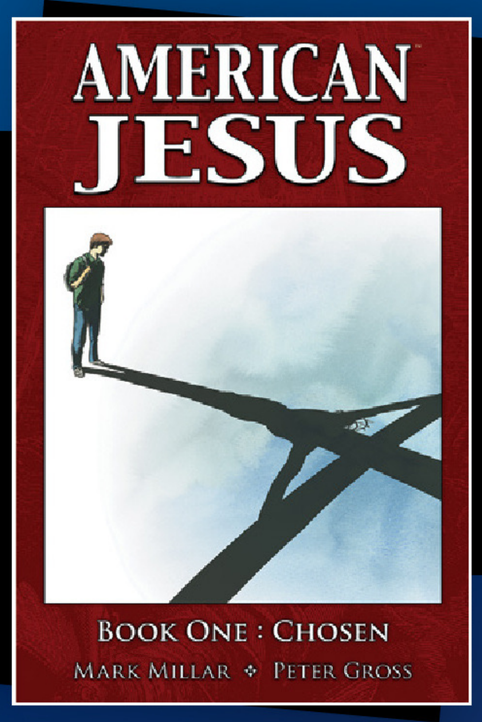
SUPERIOR
Art by Leinil Yu



NEMESIS
Art by Steve McNiven



REBORN
Art by Greg Capullo



AMERICAN JESUS
Art by Peter Gross

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Eggsy is back.

Sent to rescue Prince Philip and unravel an international terror plot, our novice spy must prove he is a true Kingsman agent…and save the world.



With his uncle no longer there to guide him, Eggsy must use his spy skills to track down a villainous mastermind who's planning to destroy the world's economy.

Riots are breaking out worldwide, society as we know it is at stake, and there's a super-hot South African secret agent distracting Eggsy from his mission…

This explosive series from Rob Williams *(Suicide Squad)* and Simon Fraser sees our working-class hero cut loose on his own, in a story that starts where James Bond draws the line.

Collecting
Kingsman: The Red Diamond 1-6